

30 MILLION PEOPLE READ SICK*

\$1.00

JUNE 1980

SICK

CHARLTON
PUBLICATIONS

STAR
WRECK

CRAPPER
JOHN M.D.

C.H.A.P.S.

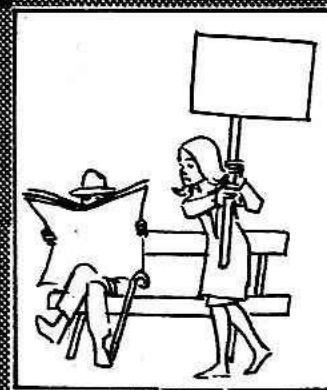
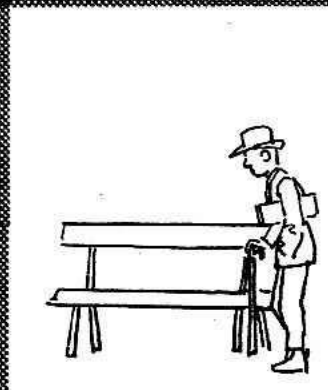
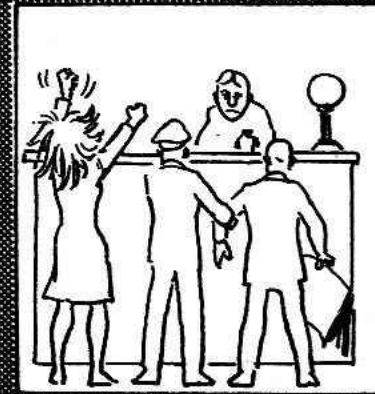
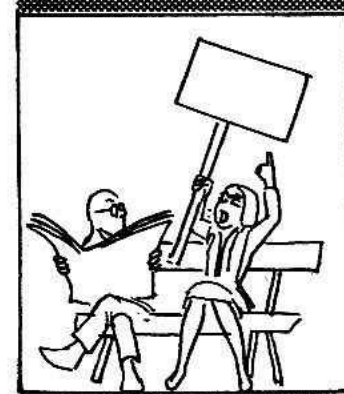
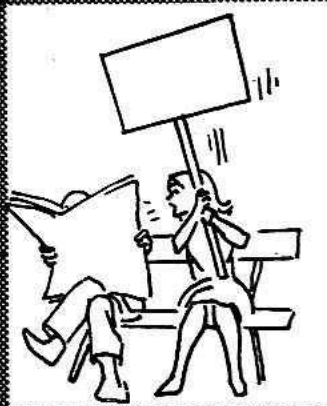
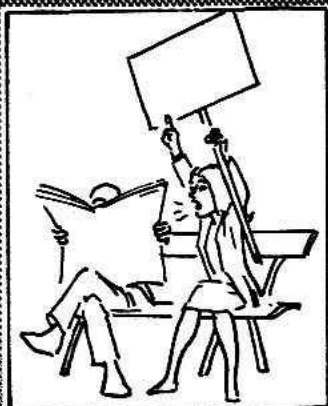
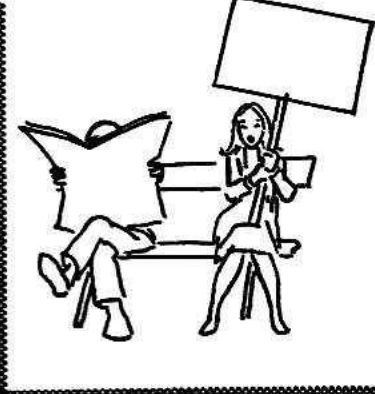
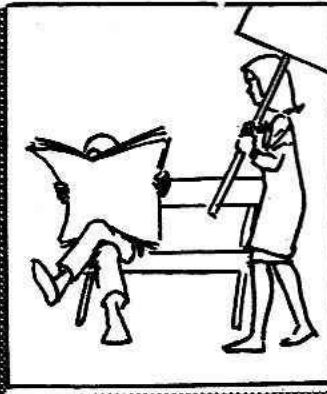
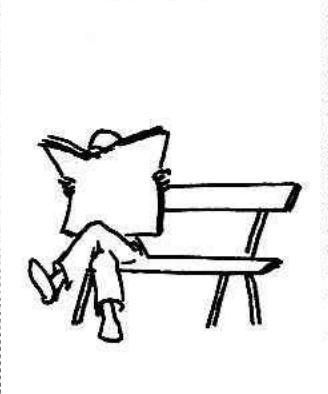
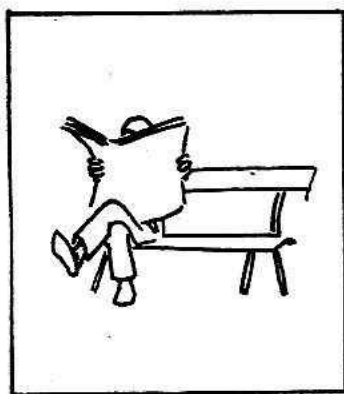
THE
POLITICAL
MOTHER
GOOSE



JACK SPARLING



*ACCORDING TO BEDPAN SALESMAN



Publisher
JOHN SANTANGELO
Managing Editor
JOHN COFRANCESCO, JR.

SICK

JACK SPARLING
Editor-In-Chief
GEORGE WILDMAN
Editor
BILL PEARSON
Associate Editor

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS:
ARNOLD DRAKE, GEORGE KASHDAN,
ADAM V. KANE, DAVID ALLIKAS,
SPARLING

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS:
ARNOLD DRAKE, GEORGE KASHDAN,
ADAM V. KANE, DAVID ALLIKAS,
AL SCADUTO, SPARLING

CONTENTS

STAR WREK.....	6
CRAPPER JOHN, M.D.	12
SICK GOES TO A SUPER HERO PARTY.....	17
HOW TO SELL A HOUSE.....	18
C.H.A.P.S.	20
THE RATING GAME	26
THE POLITICAL MOTHER GOOSE.....	28
'OL DAD'S PIN-UPS	34
COMPUTERS	36
QUICKIE SICKIES.....	41
CHER	46

DAVE MOULTHROP
Photographer

SICK, (ISSN 0162 - 0207), published bimonthly by Chariton Publications, Inc., Vol. 20, No. 133, June, 1980. Office of publication Chariton Bldg., Derby, CT. 06418. Second class mailing privileges authorized at the Post Office at Derby, CT. Second Class Postage paid at Derby, Ct. ©Copyright 1980 Chariton Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. (Printed in U.S.A.) \$8.00 for 6 issues. Subscription Manager: Gina Brunetti. Not responsible for loss or non-return of unsolicited manuscripts, songs or photos. Authorized for sale in the U.S.A. its territories, possessions and Canada only. Postmaster: Please send form 3579 to Chariton Publications, Inc., Chariton Bldg. Derby, Ct. 06418.



SICK SCRAWLS!

Hey Sick:

Dat school days bit you done was full of bull. In da foist place schools teach us lots of things like how to take up space. How to sleep with your eyes open. Schools prepare one for the riggers of society, like how to get along with your fellow inmates rather it be in siciety or jail. I don't have no bad woids for schools.

Regardless,
Louie th' Dip

Dear Louie:

And very few good words.
The Editor

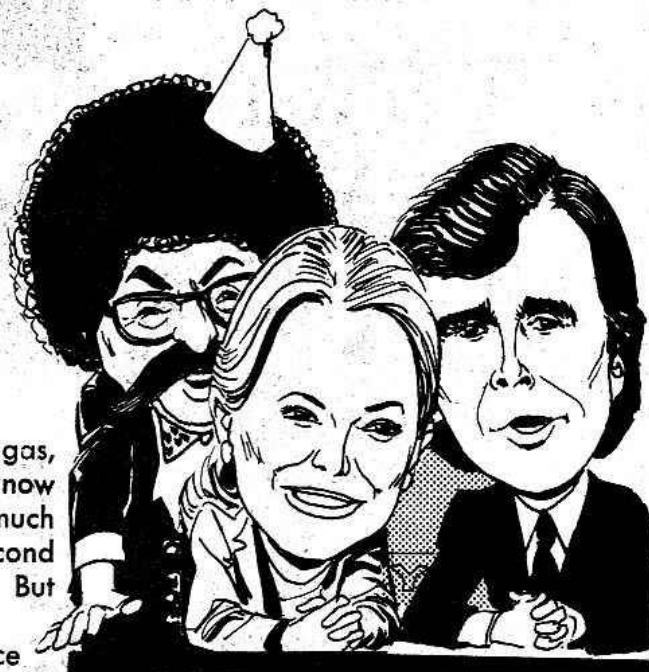
Dear Sirs:

"School Daze" was a gas, particularilly the then and now bit, but I love school so much I keep trying to do every second or third grade over again. But then I'm a nerd.

Left Back Lawrence
Larry Gross

Dear Larry:

You're right — you are a nerd!
Th' Editor



Dear Sick:

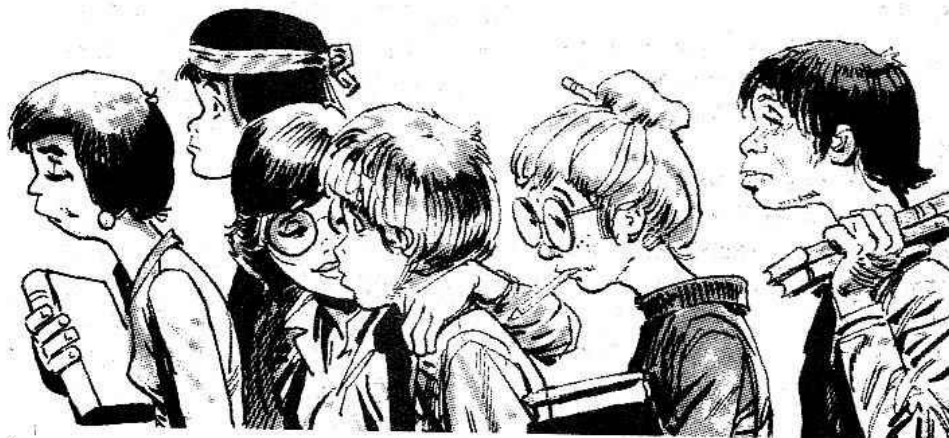
The Too-day Show was a very funny piece but you made poor Jane Pauley look fat and old. What's the matter with you people, don't you like E.R.A.?

Mad as Hell
Hortense Baggs

Dear Hortense:

We'd like to share the blame with N.B.C. They have a third place network's policy of not supplying photos to mags, unlike the first place network — A.B.C. Photos for the artist were shot by the cameraman from a "fat" TV set. Hence poor Jane's poor likeness.

The Editor



Dear Sick:

I got a kick out of "Sick-ening" on the letters page. It was to the point. Despite the A.M.A., the medical profession, nay medical business, is going to keep raising its prices right into socialized medicine.

Sick-of-it-all,
Sara Sanchez

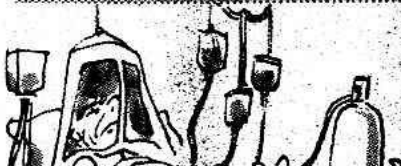
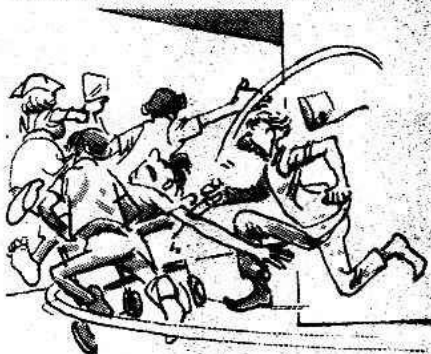
Dear Sara:

You betchal

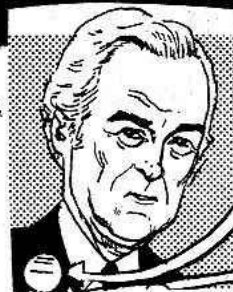
Th' Editor

SICK ENING!

EMERGENCY



SECF
ARA
AG
E



Dear Editor:

Politics are a 2 on 1 to 10 scale of funny! You can dress those clowns any way you want and they ain't funny! Funny cover but very un-funny clowns. When you think of the men we've elected in the last twenty-five years, it makes you shudder. The distance between promise and performance is several light years. The Congress alone is mind-boggling. Fifty-plus men lining their pockets at the expense of the country. I could go on and on, but I' sure you get my drift.

Warmest Regards to Sick,
Cecil P. Sumpner
Boston, Ma.

Dear Cecil:

A disturbed citizen is a voting citizen . . . now if enough of you fellows can get together . . . who knows, maybe you can vote the rascals out.

Th' Editor

Dear Editor:

Your Sick Magazine is a contagious disease. My son began bringing it home after he picked up the disease from his friends. Now the whole family is disease ridden! Sick! Sick! Sick!

A plague is on our house.

Frita Planter
Tampa, Fla.

Dear Frita:

Don't get well.

Th' Editor

Dear Sick:

Since "Too-Day" is my favorite your take-off on it was hilarious. But! What you did to pretty Jane Pauley's face wasn't nice.

Sick too-day and always,
Erma Gatley
Pervis, Ky.

Dear Erma:

We've explained Jane in another letter on this page. We're glad you liked the show.

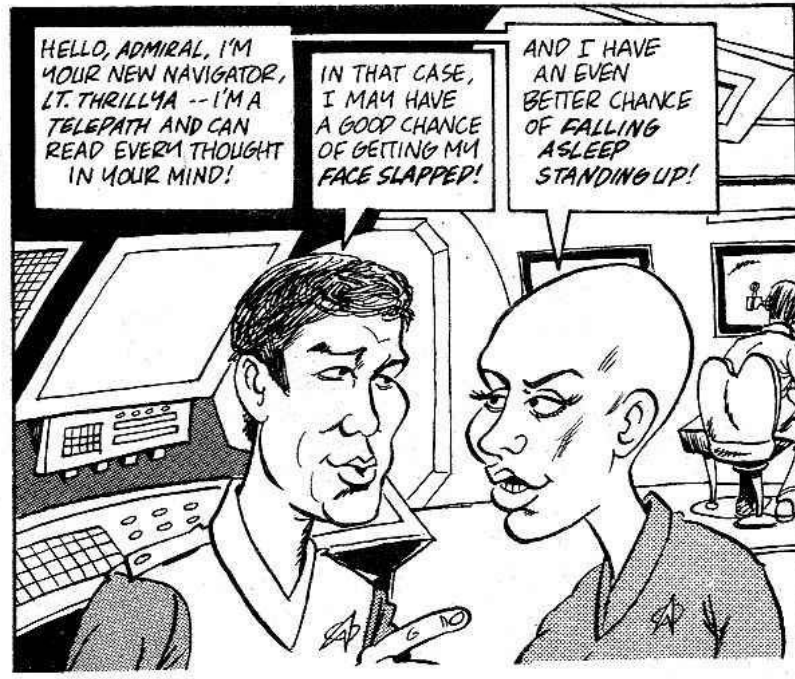
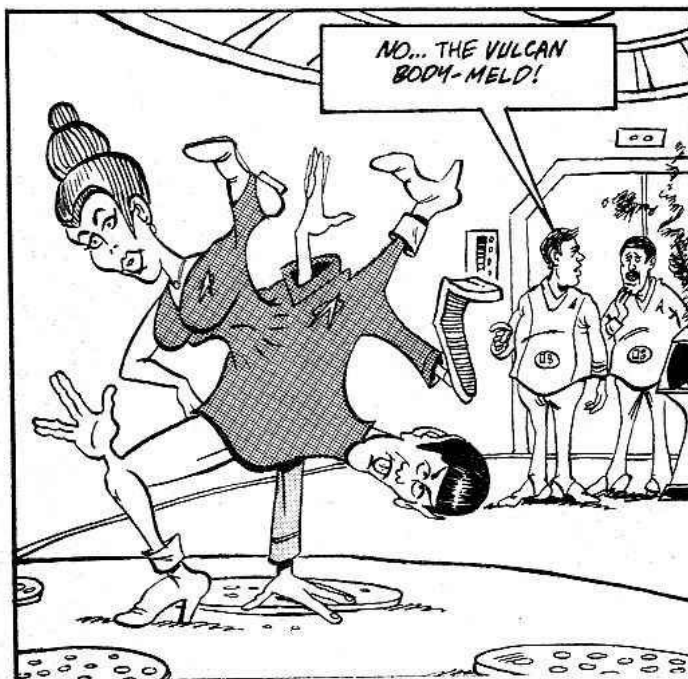
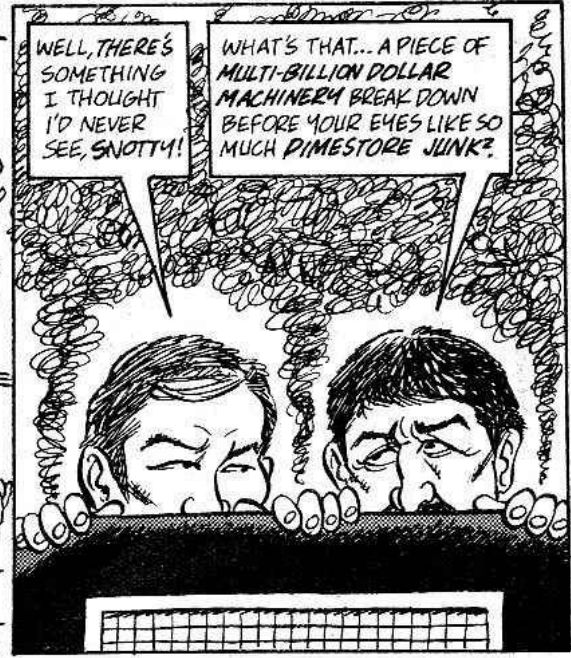
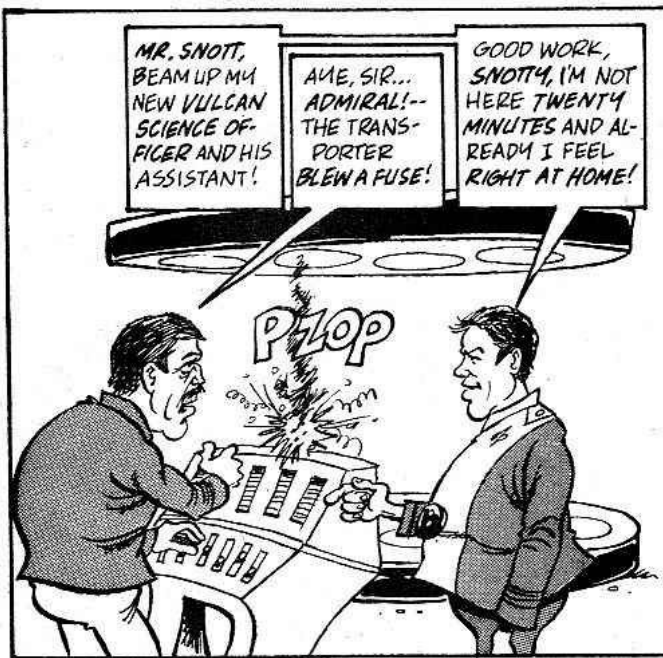
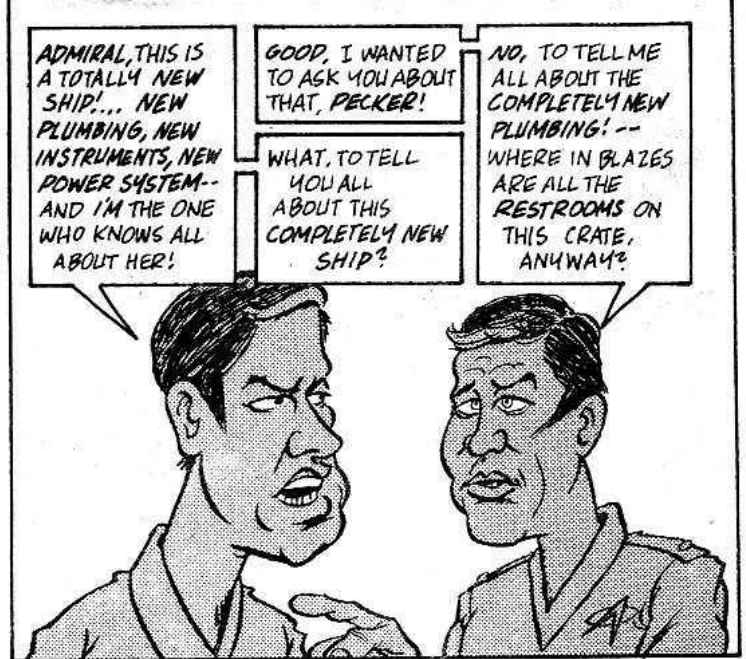
Th' Editor

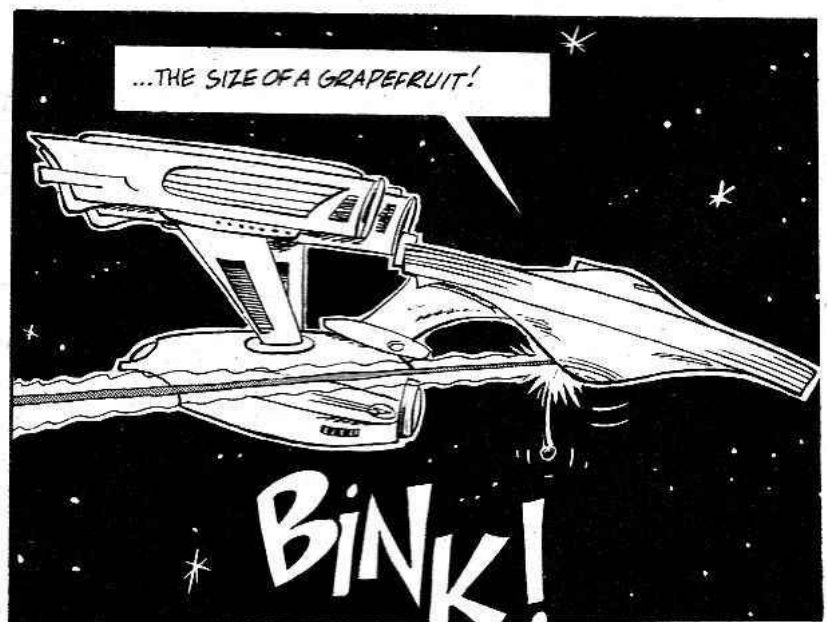
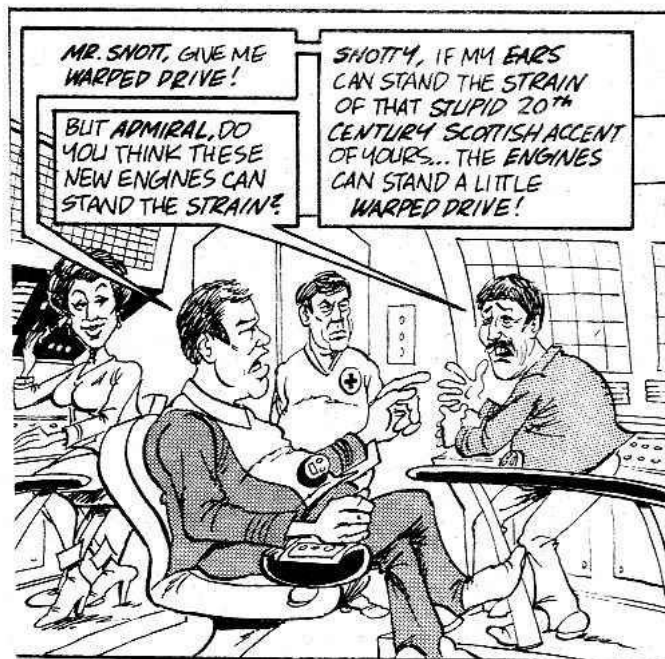
AT LAST!--A FILM THAT BRINGS YOU THE ABSOLUTE BEST IN SCIENCE FICTION ENTERTAINMENT! A FILM THAT BRINGS YOU THRILLS, CHILLS AND SPILLS! A FILM FILLED WITH HEROES, VILLAINS AND LASER FIGHTS! YES, AS YOU MIGHT HAVE GUESSED THAT FILM IS THE STAR WARS SEQUEL AND IT WON'T BE OUT FOR A WHILE, BUT IN THE MEANTIME, HERE'S A LITTLE PIECE OF TRIPE THAT WILL AT LEAST KEEP OUR APPETITES MOIST!-- WE CALL IT...

STAR WREK

WRITTEN & DRAWN BY ADAM V. KANE









ADMIRAL, WE'RE BEING APPROACHED BY A LONG RANGE SPACE SHUTTLE!

GOOD... STOP ALL ENGINES!

BUT WON'T STOPPING NOW JEOPARDIZE THIS MISSION?

YES... BUT IT'LL JEOPARDIZE MY STOMACH MORE IF WE DON'T!--I HAD TO ORDER OUT! THE FOOD ON THIS SHIP STINKS!



MR. SPOCK! YOU HEARD WE WERE IN TROUBLE, SO YOU CAME!

IT SEEMED LIKE THE LOGICAL THING TO DO!

YOUR SENSE OF LOGIC IS GREAT, SPOCK, BUT YOUR SENSE OF DIRECTION LEAVES A LITTLE TO BE DESIRED!-- NEXT TIME...



... TRY LANDING YOUR SHUTTLE IN THE LANDING BAY!



SPOCK!-- YOU BEADY-EYED, DOG-EARED, SON OF A BABOON!

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BY NOW THAT MY LACK OF EMOTION FORBIDS ME FROM BEING INSULTED BY YOU, DOCTOR... WHY DO YOU PERSIST?

BECAUSE YOU'RE STANDING ON MY FOOT!-- YOU OVERGROWN CLOD!



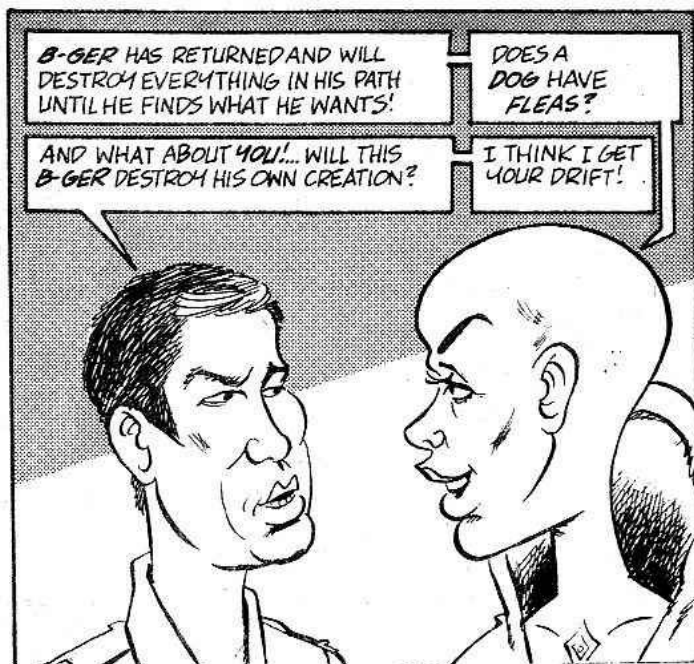
ADMIRAL! LOOK! THERE IT IS ON THE SCREEN!

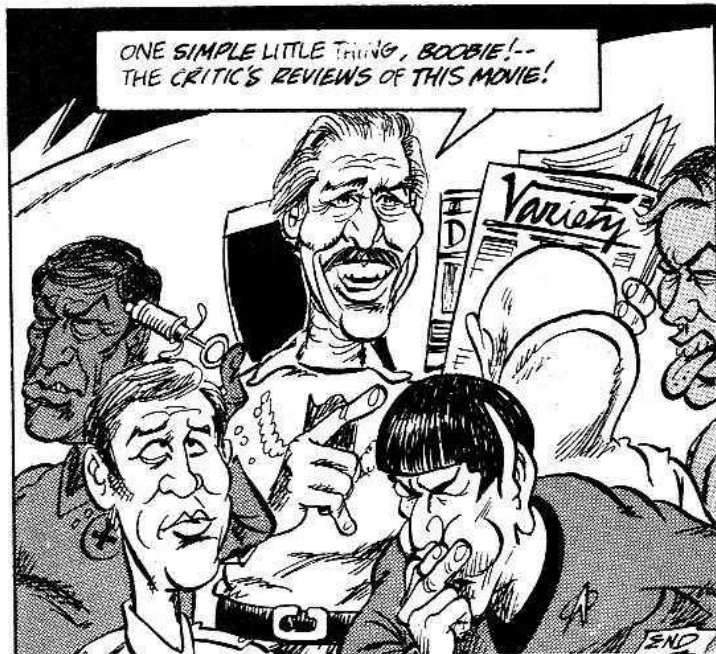
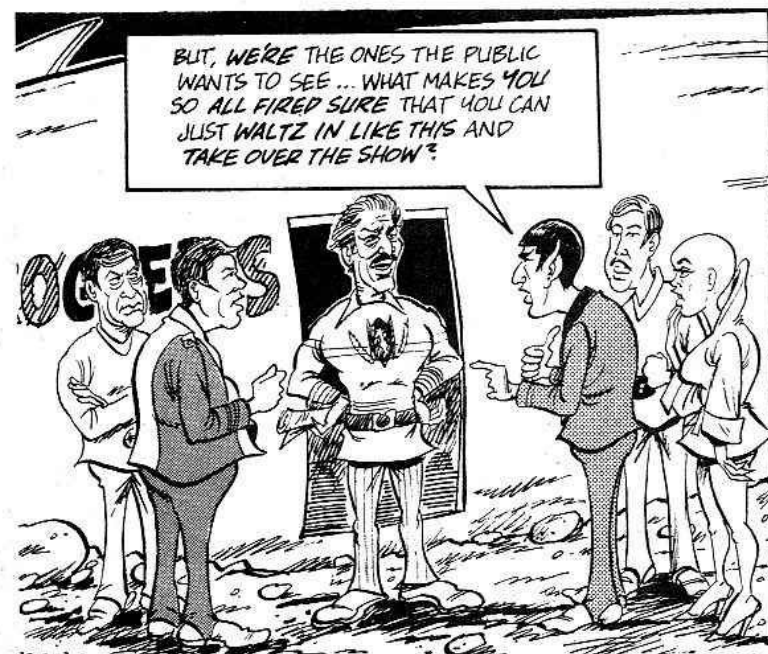
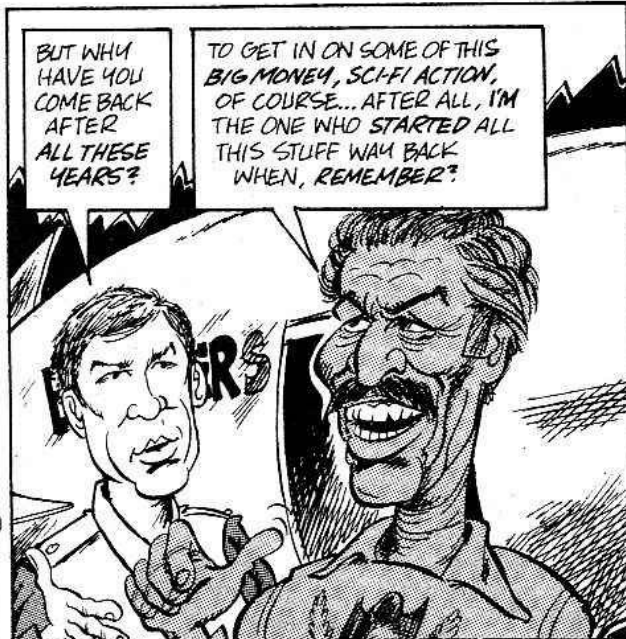
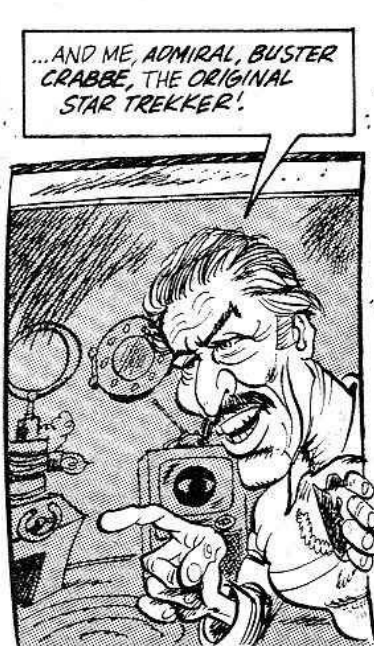
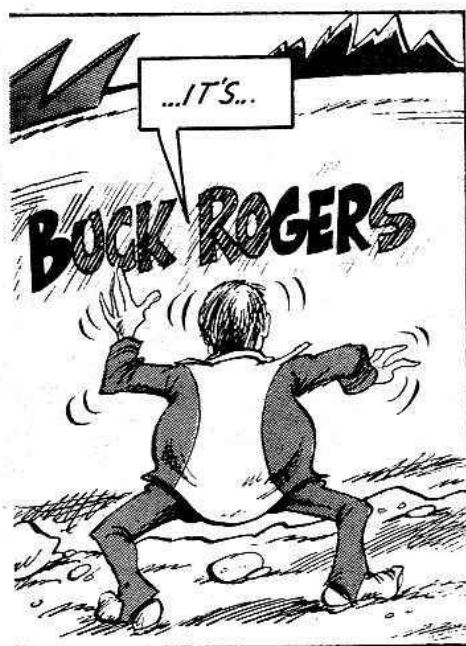
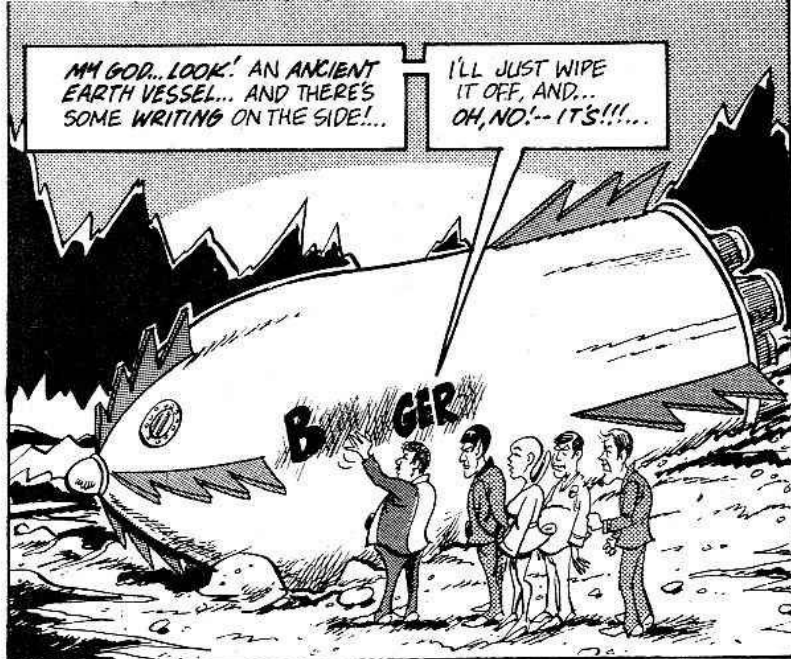
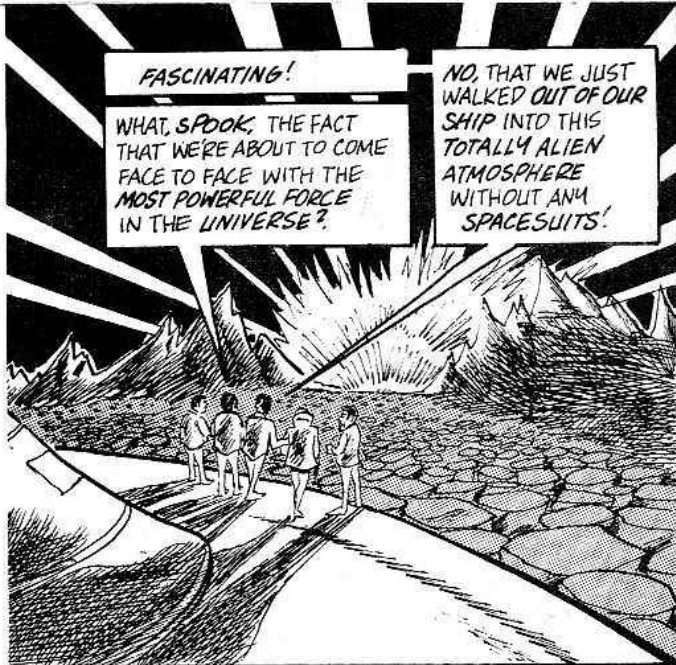
SWITCH TO VIEWER NUMBER TWO, MR. LOOLOO!

BUT ADMIRAL, VIEWER NUMBER TWO IS...



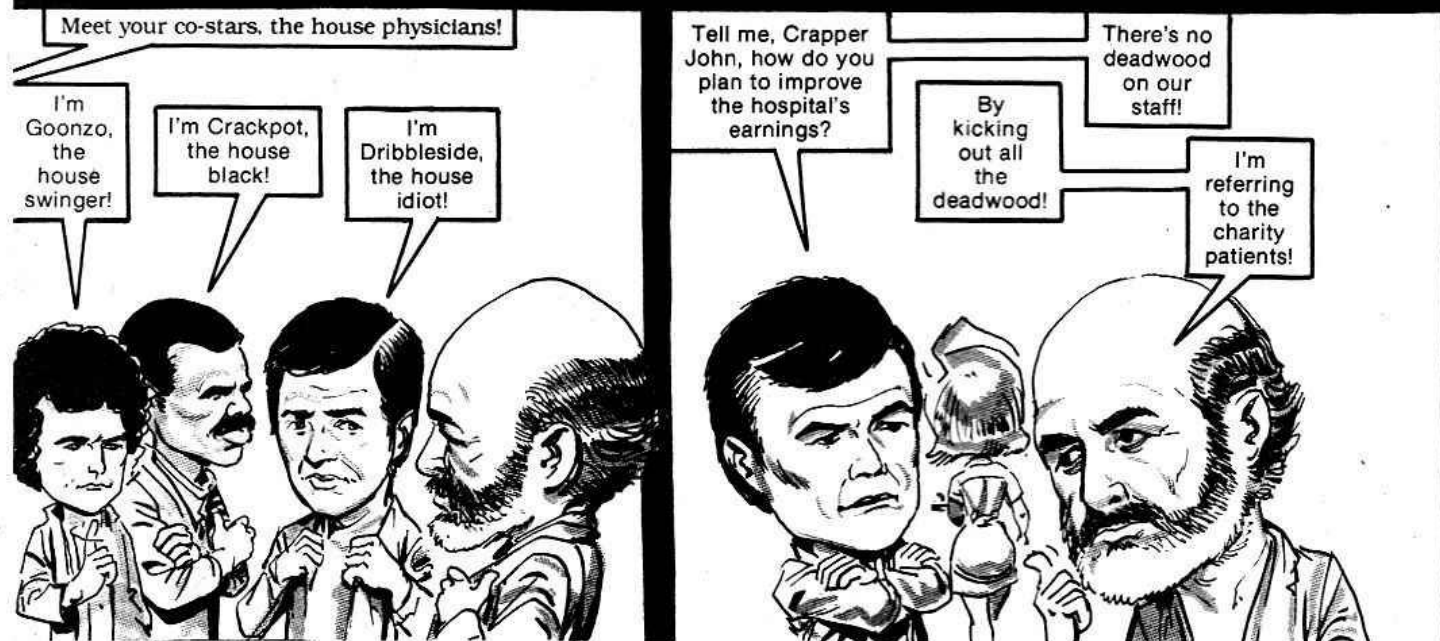
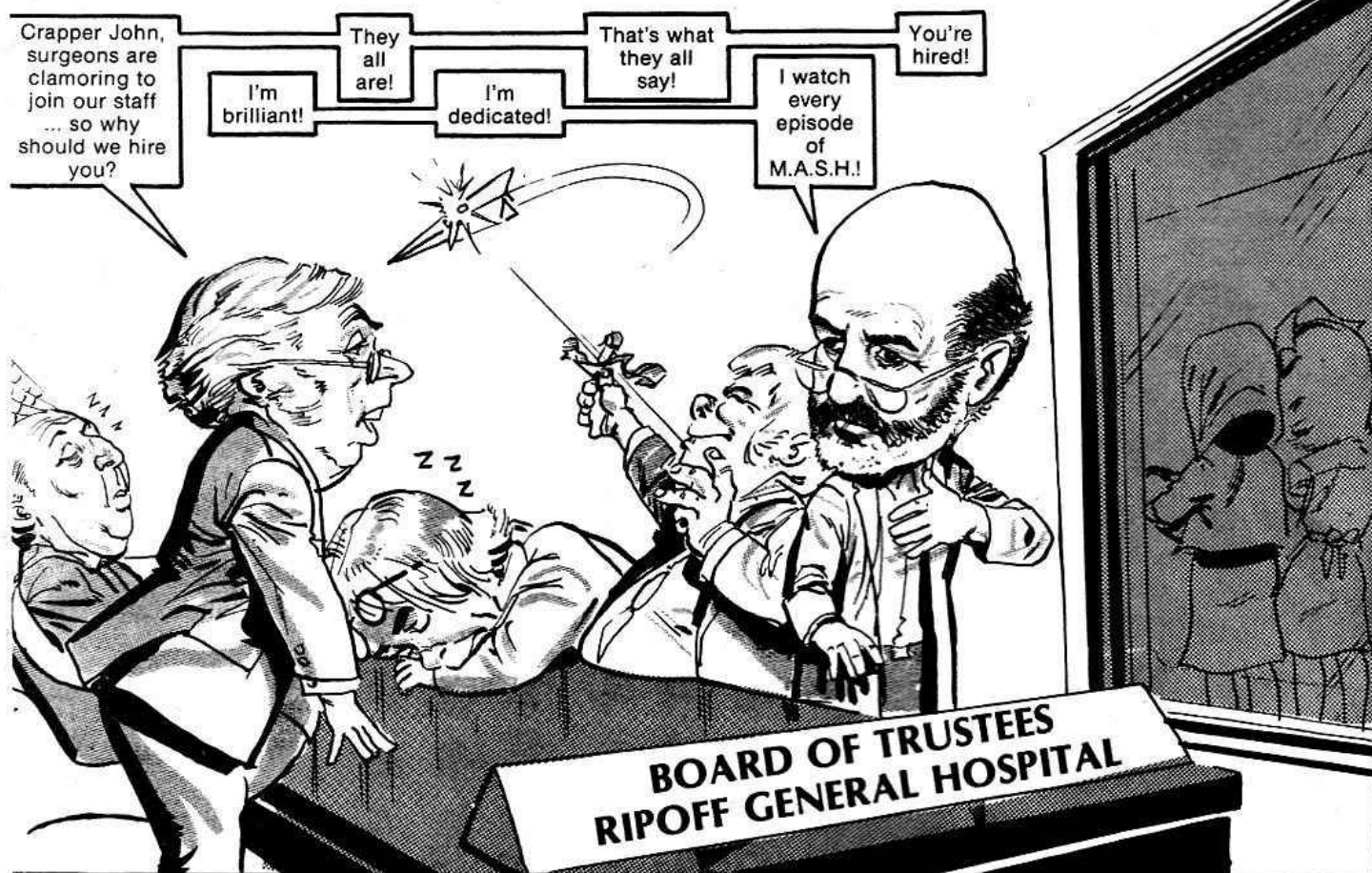
YES... IT'S THE CARTOON!-- YOU KNOW THAT I CAN'T GET INTO A GOOD ADVENTURE WITHOUT SEEING A CARTOON FIRST!

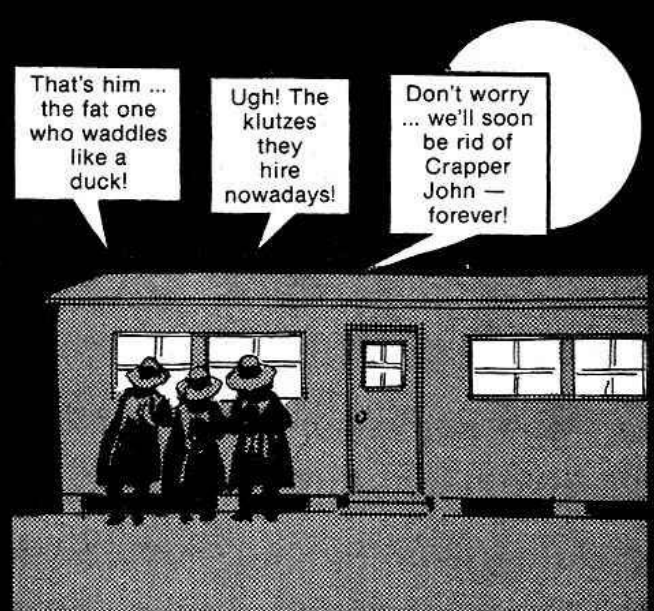
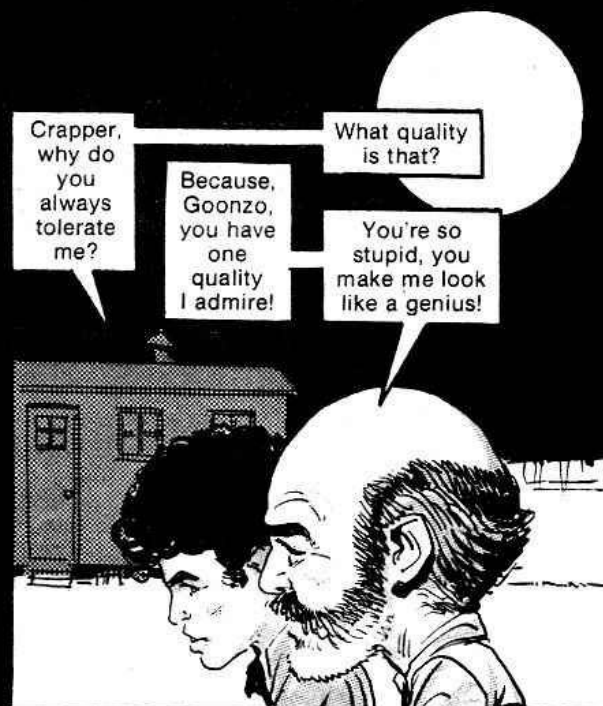
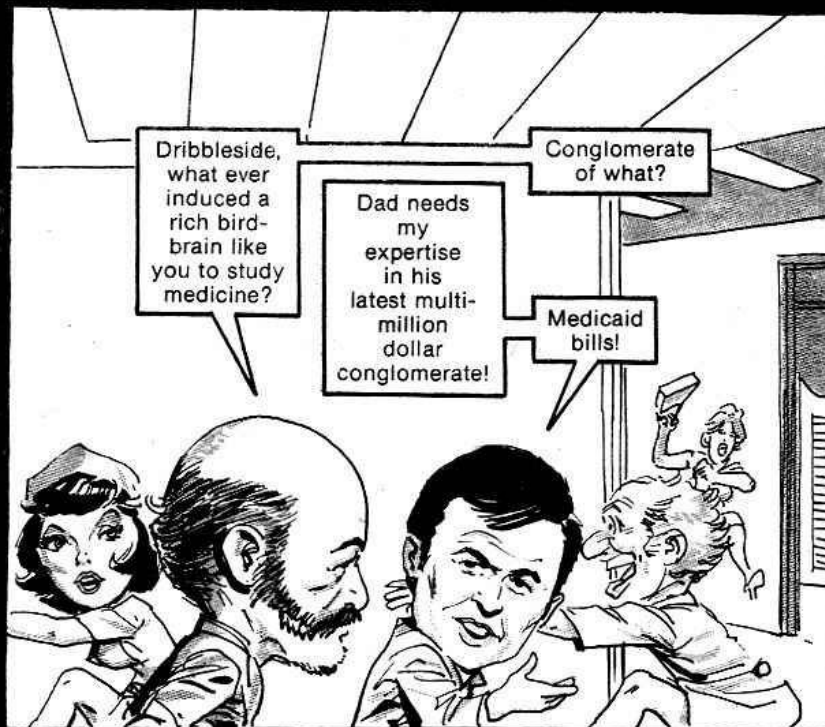




Just when you think TV has had it with dull medical dramas, what happens? Out comes another dull medical drama, trying to show our men-in-white as humble, hard-working and contemptuous of money! Will the boob tube ever give us a true portrait of such pillars of professionalism as...

CRAPPER JOHN M.D.





The sign of a successful doctor, Crackpot, is a man who trusts his instinct!

Instinct, Crapper? Is that how you diagnose your patients' symptoms?

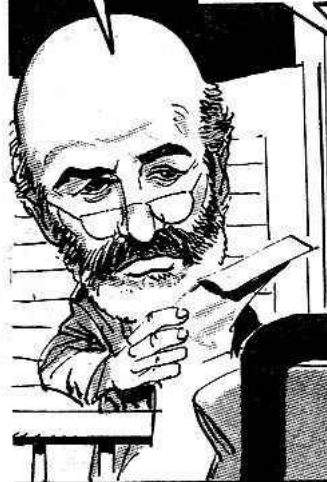
No, — that's how I diagnose their incomes ... and charge accordingly!



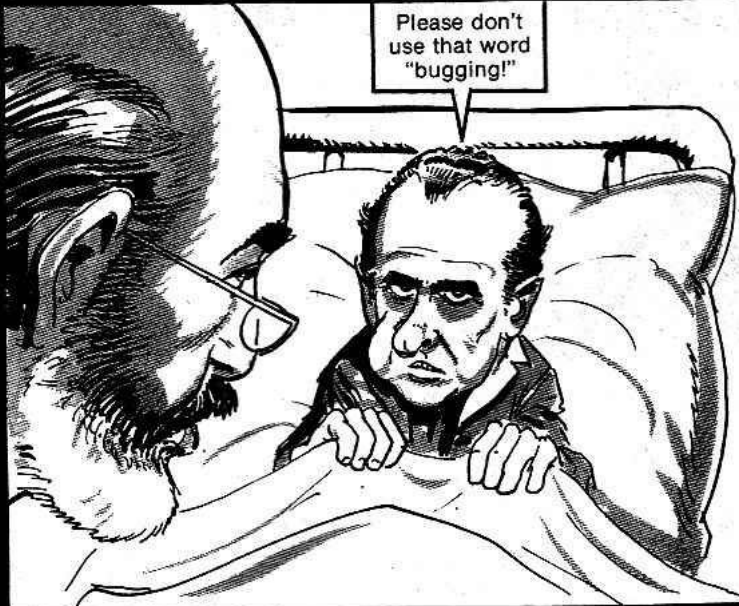
What's this man's complaint?

Feelings of persecution!

Really? What seems to be bugging you, sir?



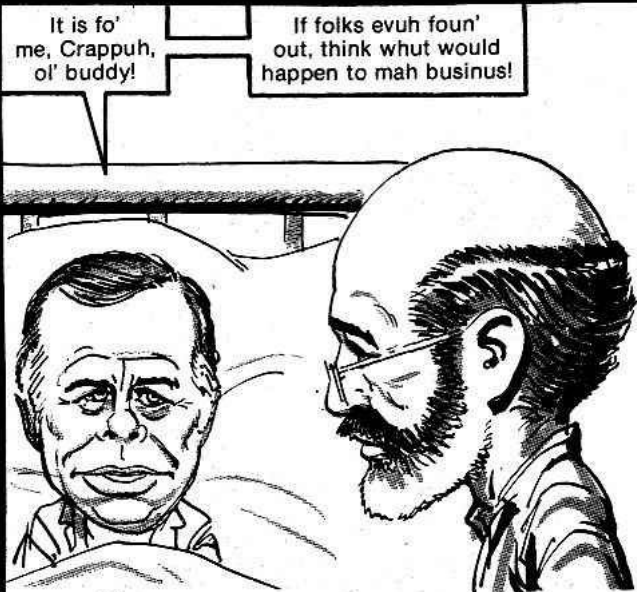
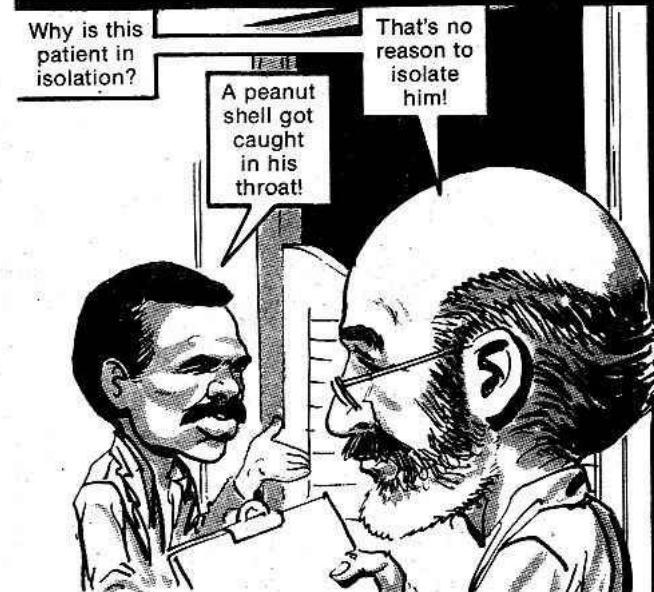
Please don't use that word "bugging!"



Why is this patient in isolation?

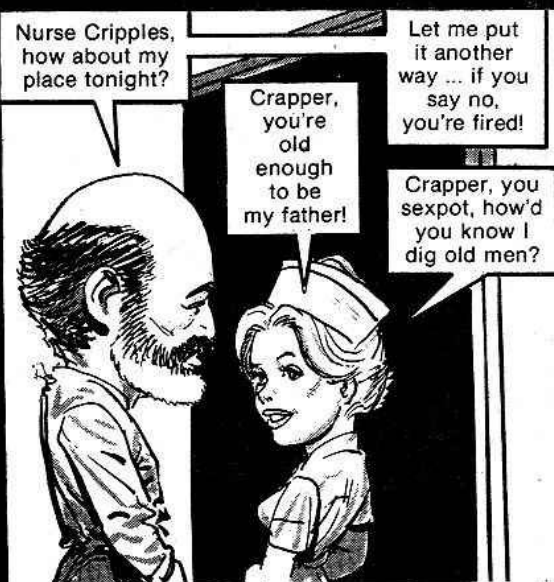
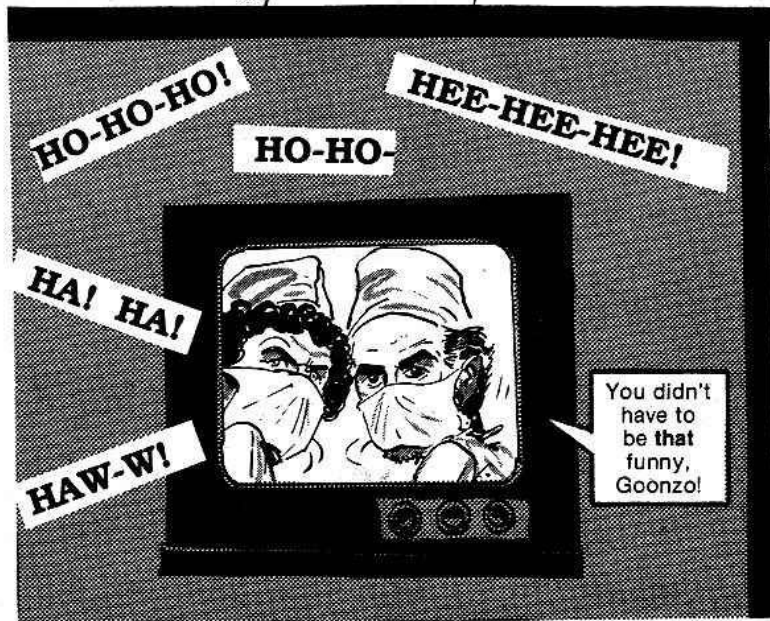
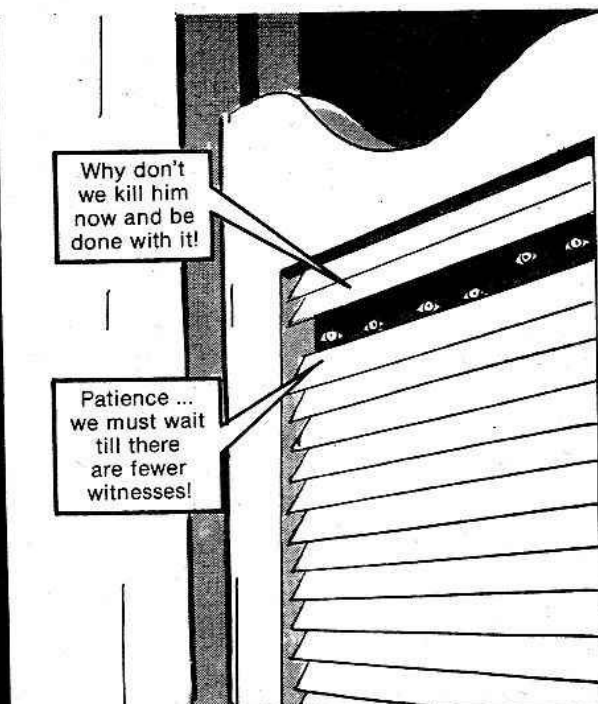
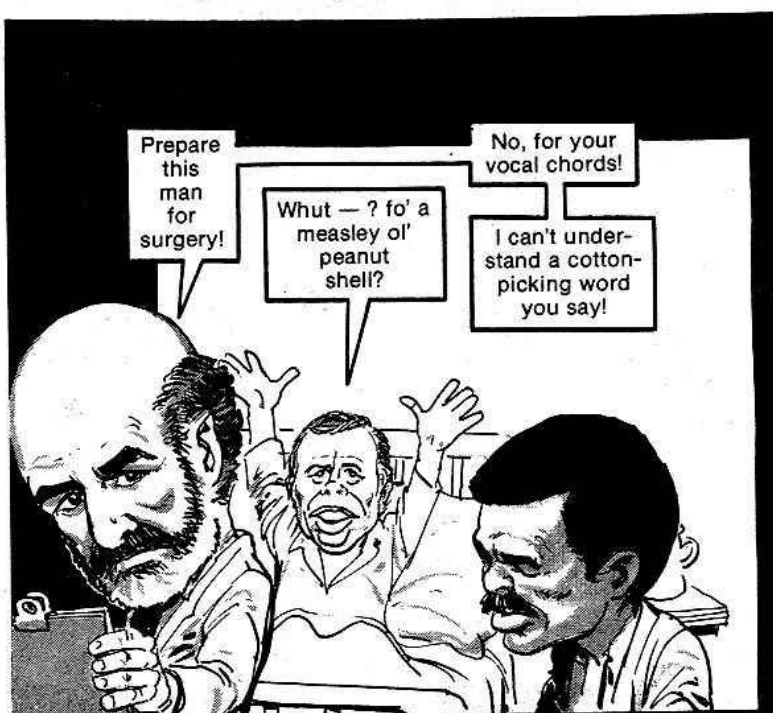
A peanut shell got caught in his throat!

That's no reason to isolate him!



It is fo' me, Crappuh, ol' buddy!

If folks evuh foun' out, think whut would happen to mah businus!







Say, that bowl of spaghetti looks good.

What spaghetti? Mr. Stretch and Rubber Man just tried to arm wrestle.

What gives Iron Man? You used to be pretty smooth with girls.

I guess I'm just getting a little rusty!

What was that explosion?

That was the Hulk. He has been eating the chili all day.

Is Invisible Girl here yet?

I don't know. I haven't seen her.

I guess Aquaman has to submerge his head into water every so often.

What water! That's the way that he drinks his martini.

Hic — I'll tell you my — Hic — secret identity — Hic — if you'll — Hic — tell me yours — Hic.

Hey, these are cute little cocktail napkins.

That isn't a cocktail napkin, you dunce. You just put your drink down on the Atom.

Would you just look at that! 'Do you really think four bartenders are necessary?

Are you kidding? Have you ever seen Flash drink?

SICK GOES TO A SUPER PARTY

by Bill Burke

HOW TO SELL A HOUSE

by Bill (how to turn a buck) Burke

What most people seem to look for in a house is an attractive dwelling which gives the right impression. Every step should be taken to achieve this.



In the same regard, ample closet space is a desired commodity. The clever seller can get around this with a couple of door frames against any blank walls.



High on the list of priorities of most home buyers is the cost needed to supply the necessary energy. By placing some old storm windows on a roof draped with aluminum foil, convince the prospective buyers the house is solar energized.



Prospective buyers will often check to see if there are sufficient electrical outlets. This can be achieved by merely screwing the plates on any wall space.



An extra room is always a welcome plus. With a little resourcefulness, the seller should be able to pull this off with any broom closet.

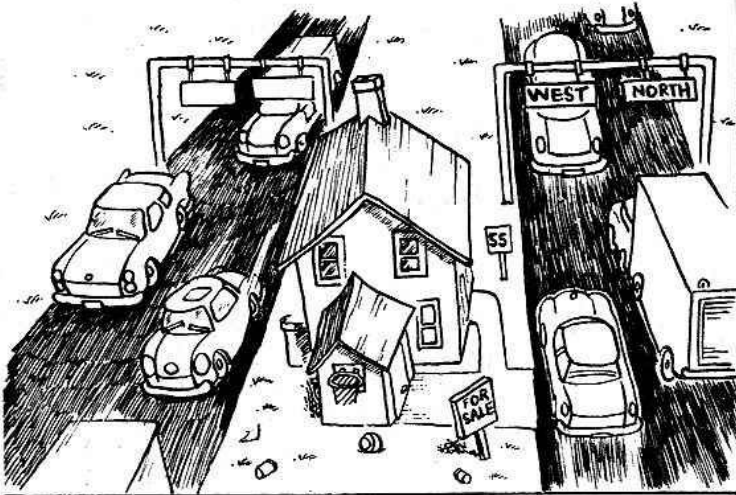


Fireplaces are always a strong selling point. If your home doesn't already have one, construct one with some cardboard and paint.



Probably the single most important consideration to be made in selling a house is the classified ad. Great attention should be paid to the wording of the ad. Below are some examples of creative advertising.

...This charming residence sits on a lovely stretch of land. Elongated lot with no neighbors. Quick access to both major routes.



...If its quiet and seclusion that's important to you, then this charmer in a quiet neighborhood is it.



This handsome home is a must for those who love a view, as it overlooks a beautiful panorama of nature, with rivers and mountains.



This choice offering also boasts a luxurious indoor pool. Nothing like it.

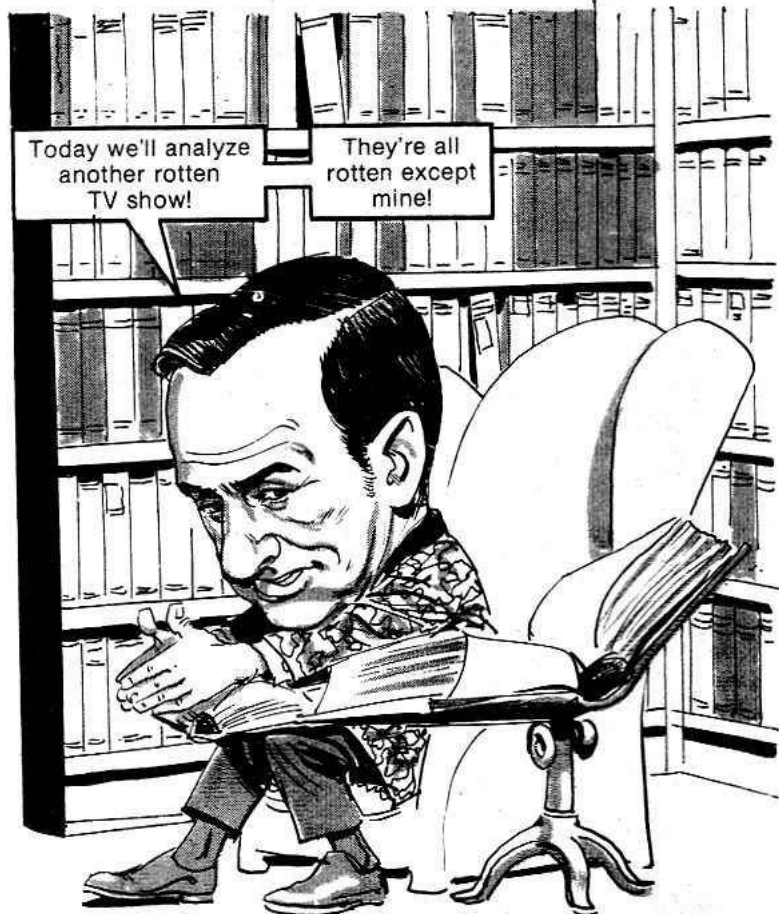
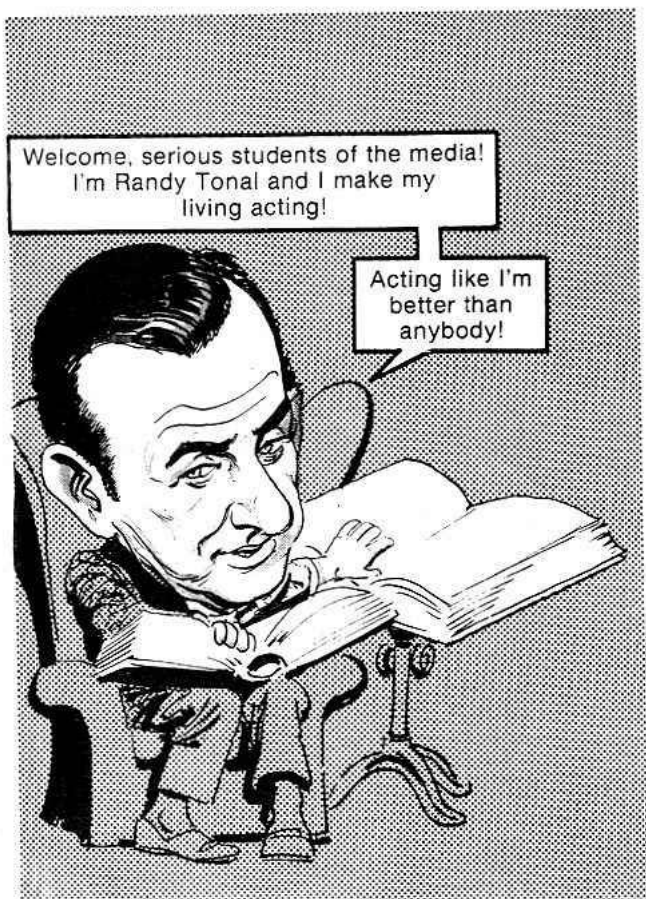


This elegant home was designed with every possible energy-saving device in mind. The country kitchen alone can save the consumer big \$\$\$.

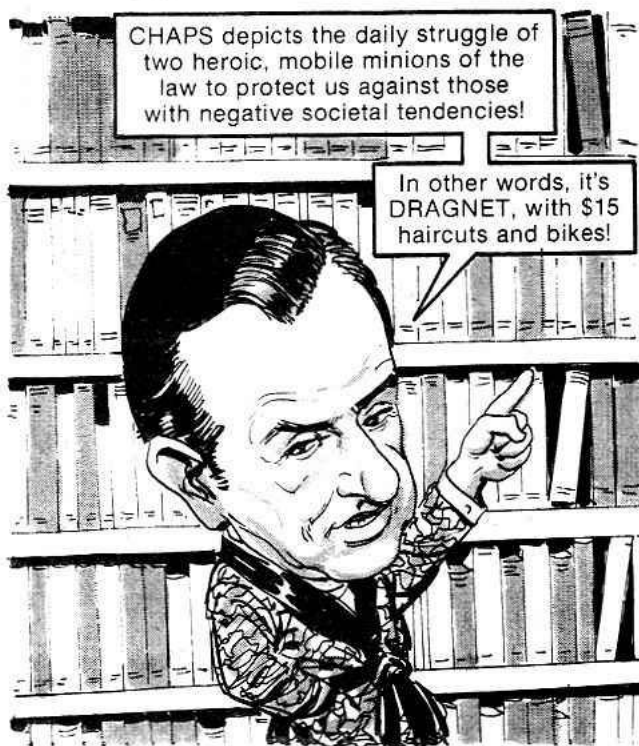


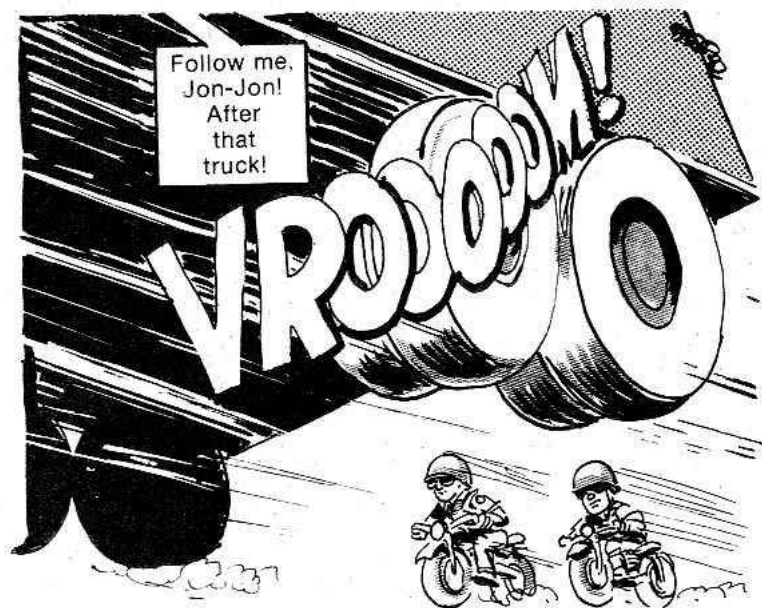
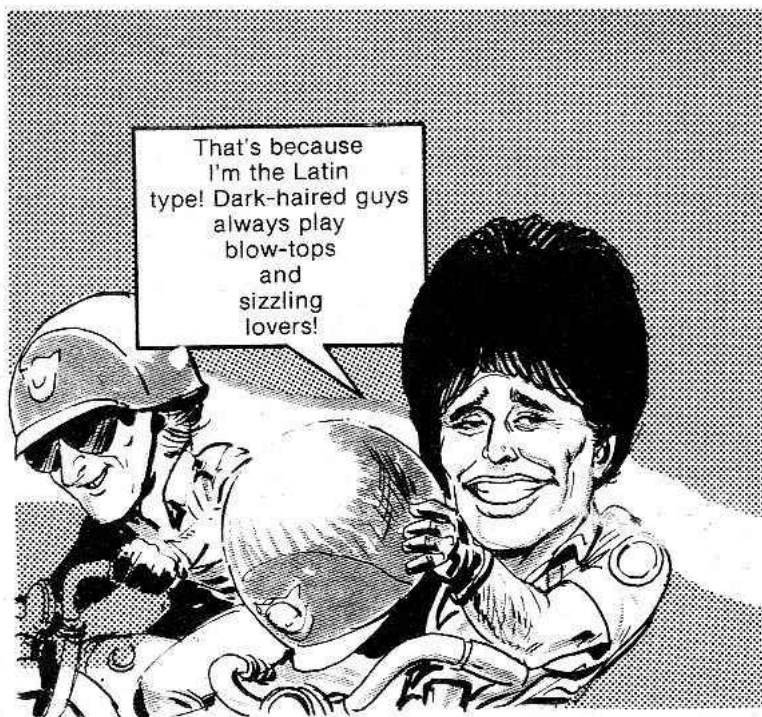
This incredible buy is located on six beautiful rambling acres.



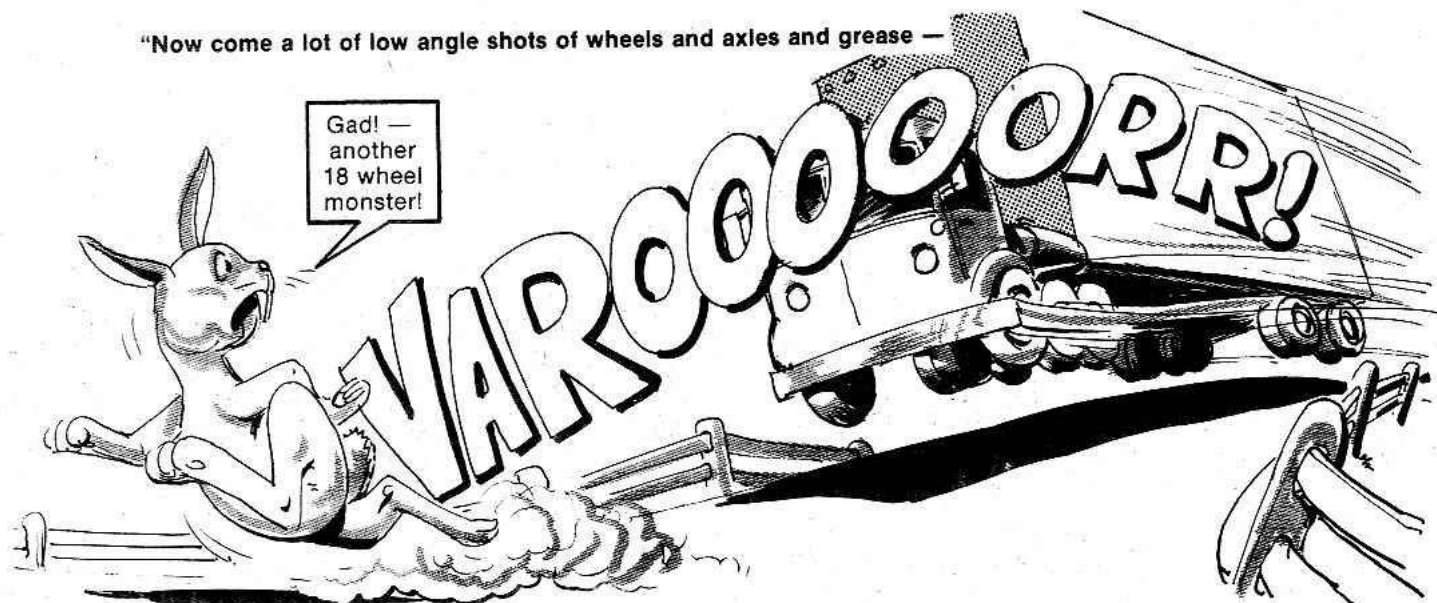


C.H.A.P.S.





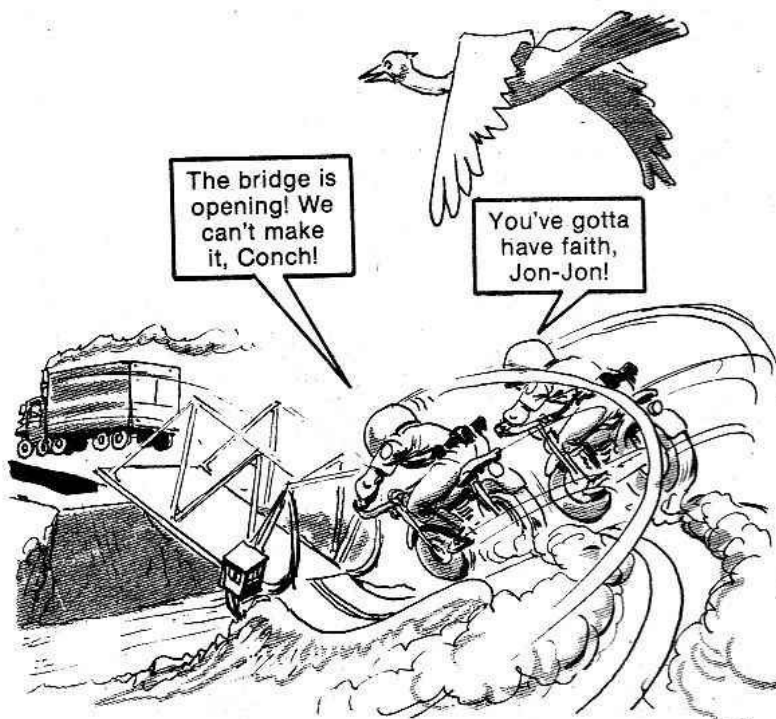
"Now come a lot of low angle shots of wheels and axles and grease —



"Now the bikes from the same angle.
This doesn't tell us anything, but
it pads the script well!"



VROOOM! VROOOM!

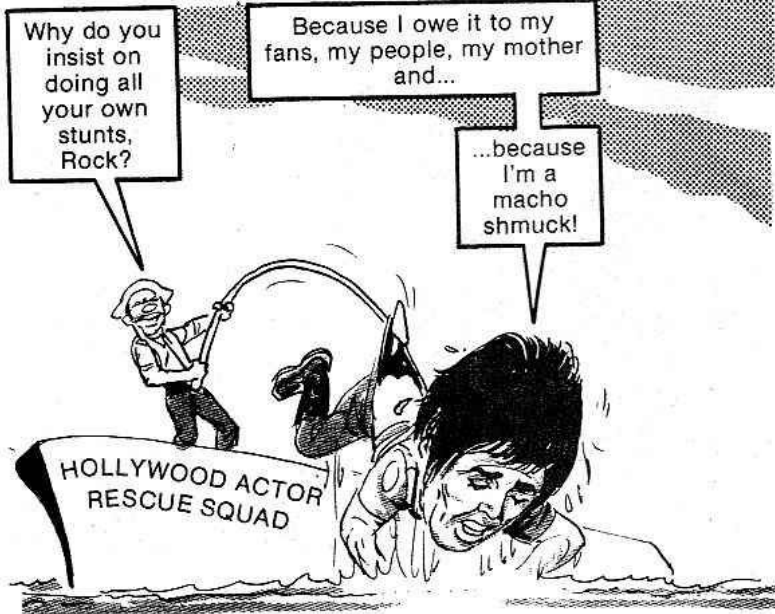


The bridge is
opening! We
can't make
it, Conch!

You've gotta
have faith,
Jon-Jon!



Ya'
gotta
have
brains,
too!



Why do you
insist on
doing all
your own
stunts,
Rock?

Because I owe it to my
fans, my people, my mother
and...

...because
I'm a
macho
shmuck!

Hurry
up, you
idiots!

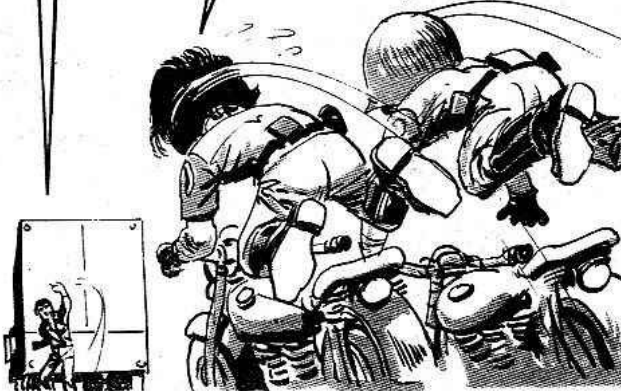
Why did
he wait
for us?

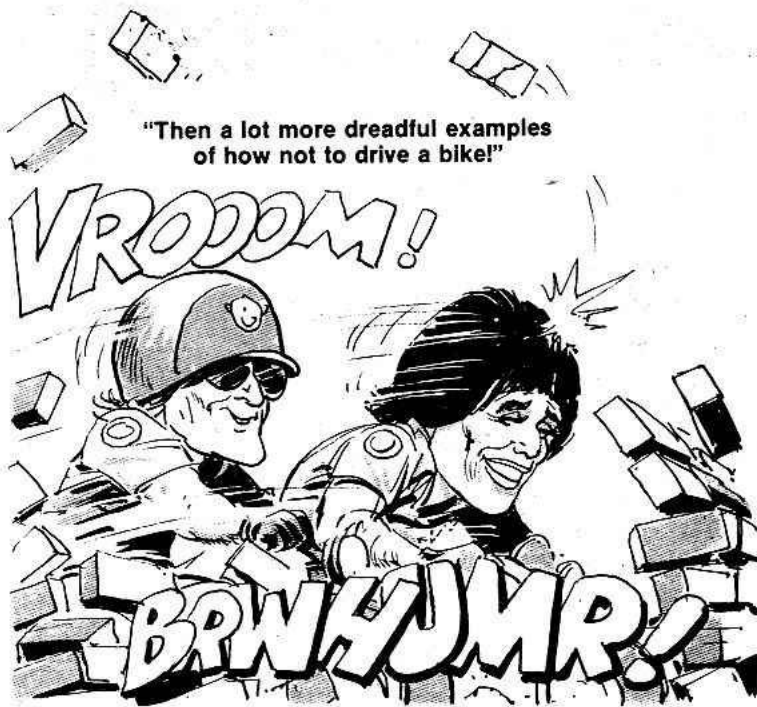
Because I threatened
to give him a ticket
if he didn't!

You never
told me
what you
suspect
that
truck
driver
of!

Nothing! But
we have to
have three
chases in
every show!

SAVE
CALIFORNIA!
SEND BROWN
TO
WASHINGTON!





"Then a lot more dreadful examples of how not to drive a bike!"



"Until they run out of gas and the audience runs out of patience!"

The driver is dead!

Yes! And he flunked his final exam, too!



This little dog survived the crash! Let's adopt him!

Good! TV dogs add warmth and laughs! We could use both!



"Now the first Guest Star appears! This show uses yards of them!"

I survived the crash, too, Whitey!

Fine! Kids add human interest to action shows!



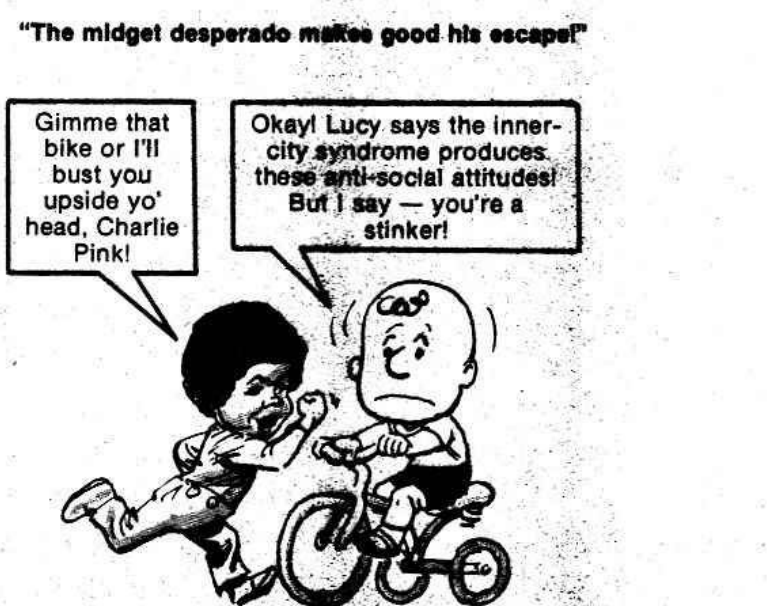
"Guest Star Number 2!"

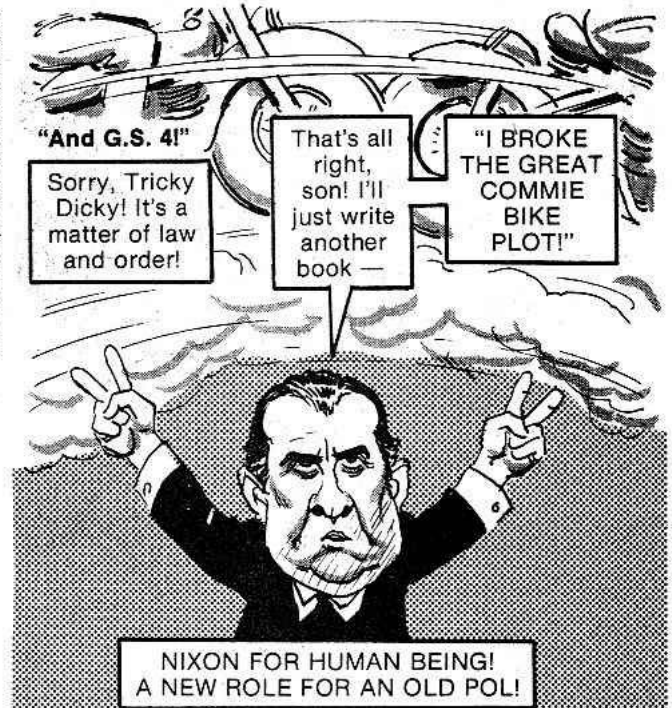
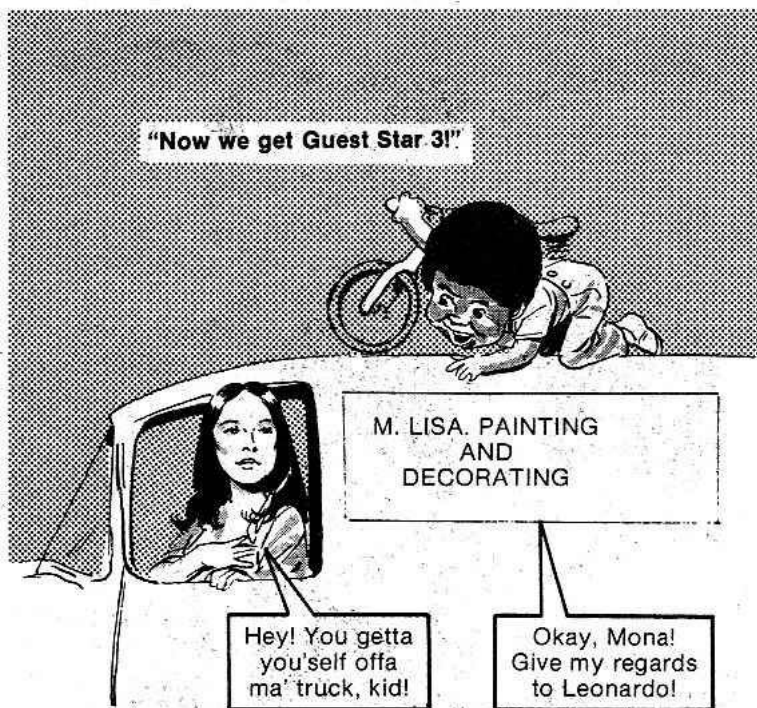
I survived the crash, too! I'm the boy's sister, Rusty Faucet!

His sis — ? But the boy is black and you're white! How do you explain the casting?

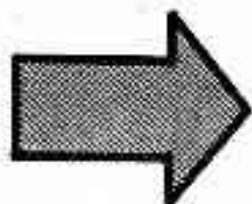
He's a star!

You bet your butt, sister!





Abandon good taste, all ye who enter here!



START

(Add 20 points for Finishing First)

FINISH

Church doesn't name any of your shows to its no-no list! **DISASTER!**



DOWN 25 POINTS

You frame Mr. Whipple into squeezing a hooker named Charmin!



FREE ROLL OF CHARMIN

UP 10 POINTS

You set fire to "The Love Boat" for a combo disaster-film and pajama party!



UP 15 POINTS



You replace Sesame Street with kiddy porn show starring Linda Lovediapers!

UP 10 POINTS

You add blood and gore to Cousteau's Underwater World! Shrimp Bleed Cocktail Sauce!



UP 5 POINTS

THE

RATING

Cut these out for markers, or use penny, nickel and dime, if you can stand the shock, you cheap turkey!



Abominable Broadcasting Co.



Corruptible Broadcasting System



Nauseating Broadcasting Co.

You bump emergency presidential address for "The Best of I Love Lucy!"



UP 20 POINTS



7 O'CLOCK NEWS

You order low-cut blouses for all your newscasters — even the women!



Good evening, dolls! Here is the news!

UP 5 POINTS

Power failure!
No TV! Everybody's
reading books!
What a disaster!

We confess:
we blew up
the power plant.
Signed,
English teachers
of U.S.A.

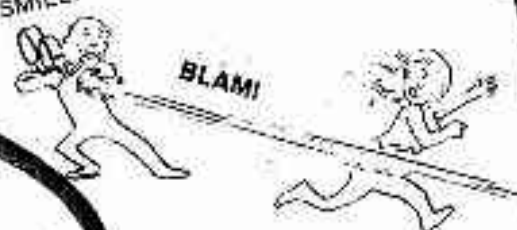
LOSE 10 POINTS

You plant volcano
on Gilligan's Island,
blowing up entire
cast. You win Human-
itarian Award and —



You put bullets
in Candid Camera
and Allen Funt
kills ten people,
combining
manslaughter
with man's laughter

SMILE!



UP 5 POINTS

S GAME

You're a TV Exec in charge of chasing
ratings — and secretaries! Now it's
SWEEP MONTH, when networks will be
rated for the season! You'll do anything
to raise your ratings — anything except
put on good shows! You and two friends
race around the board (at the roll of one dice)
using pencil and paper to add your points!
If you **CAN'T** add, you should be a **REAL**
TV Exec!

You stick a Venus
fly trap on the
Gardening Show
and it eats the
hostess!



UP 20 POINTS

News truck
explodes, destroying
200 feet of bloody
riot footage



DOWN 10 POINTS

You switch a reel of
Saturday Morning
Cartoons for an X-film:
SNOW WHITE and the
7 DEVIATES!

You can
have all
our gold!

EEEEEEK!



UP 5 POINTS

World War III
starts at 4:12 A.M.
and you're off the
air! Rotten luck!



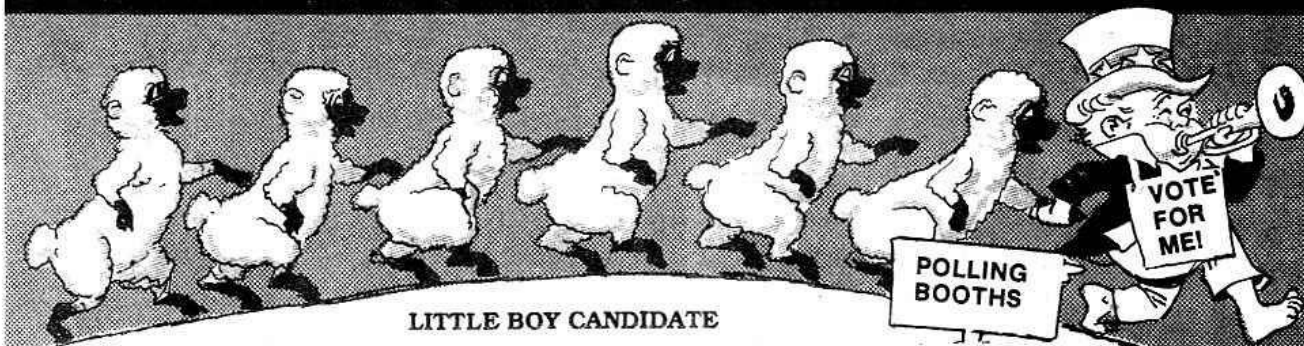
DOWN 20 POINTS

You hide Mother
Walton's birth
control pills
and all hell
breaks loose on
the show!

STAY
AWAY,
PA!



UP 15 POINTS



LITTLE BOY CANDIDATE

(Little Boy Blue)

LITTLE BOY CANDIDATE
Come blow your horn
The sheep need a leader
And you lie like a leader-born

WHERE'S THE HONEST CANDIDATE
Who'd rather lose than lie?
They locked him in a padded cell
Marked, "Nutty as a pecan pie!"

The Political Mother Goose



(Sing a Song of Six Pence)

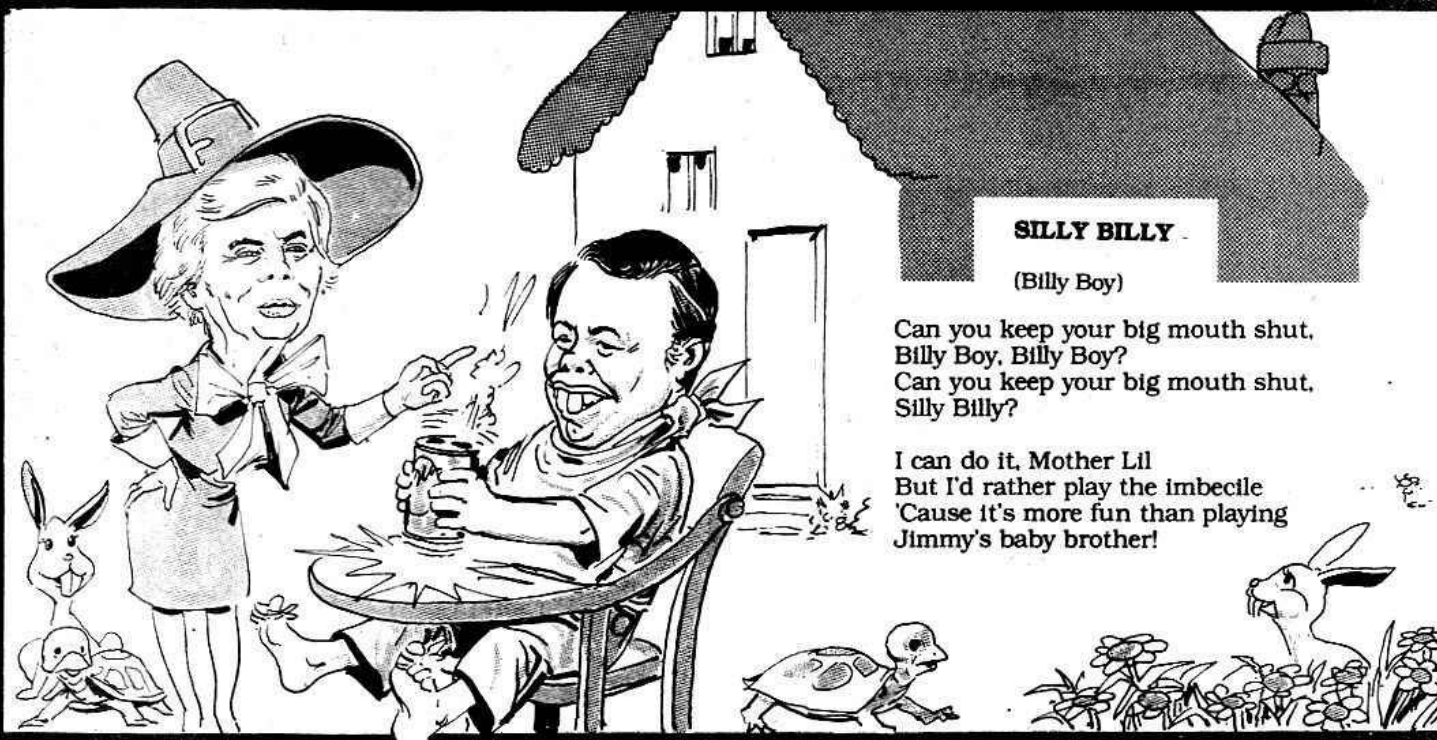
SING A SONG OF SUSPENSE
As voting time draws nigh
Four-and-twenty black voters
Baked in a pie

WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED
The candidates blessed their souls
'cause hardly any black votes
Had gone to the polls



ONE WAS ON A JOB LINE
Hoping he'd get chosen
One burned all his furniture
To keep from being frozen

ONE DID OTHER PEOPLE'S WASH
And cooked their beans and
barley
So who had time to cast
a vote
For any Mister Charlie?



SILLY BILLY

(Billy Boy)

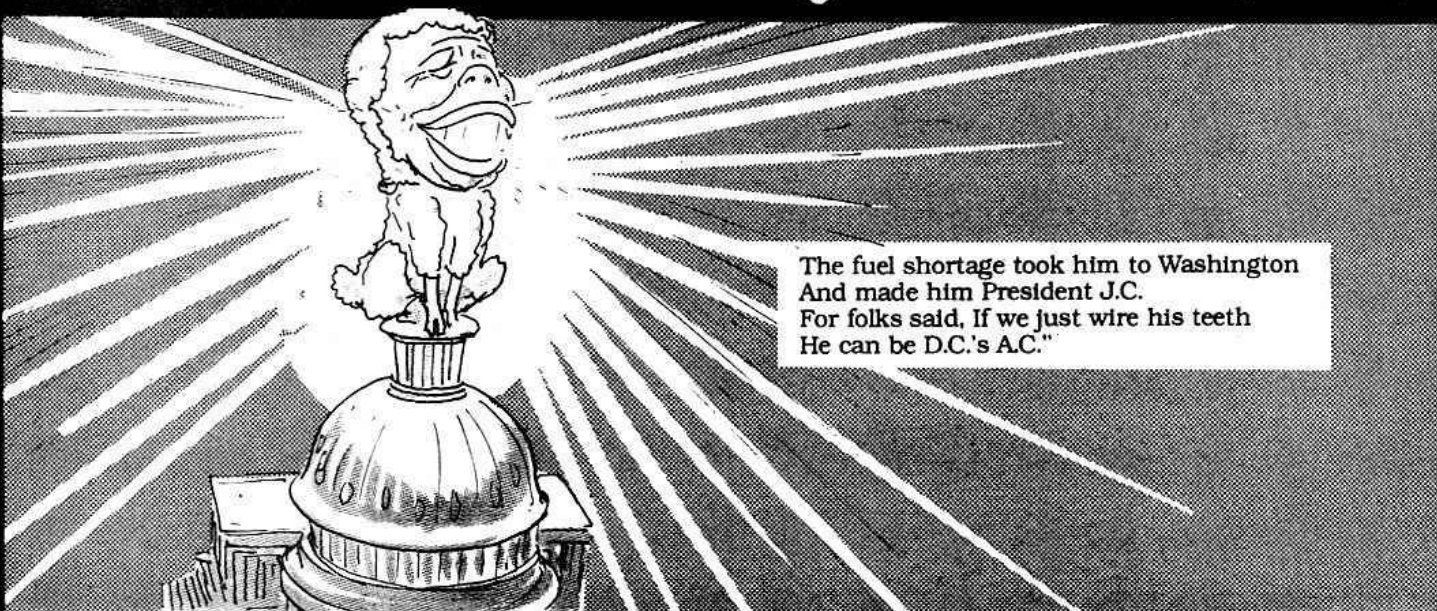
Can you keep your big mouth shut,
Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Can you keep your big mouth shut,
Silly Billy?

I can do it, Mother Lil
But I'd rather play the imbecile
'Cause it's more fun than playing
Jimmy's baby brother!

ROZY HAD A LITTLE JIM

(Mary Had a Little Lamb)

ROZY HAD A LITTLE JIM
Whose teeth were white as snow
And everywhere that Rozy went
His smile would make things glow

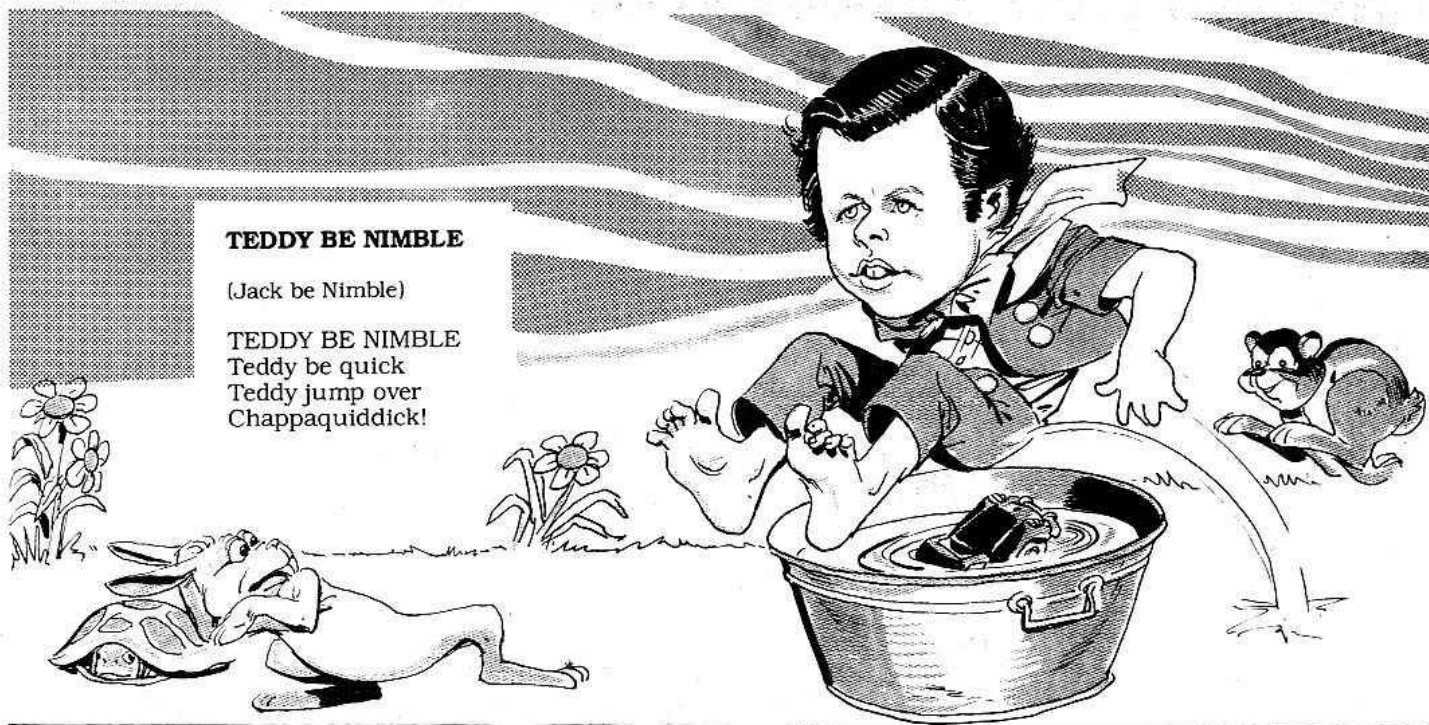


The fuel shortage took him to Washington
And made him President J.C.
For folks said, If we just wire his teeth
He can be D.C.'s A.C."

TEDDY BE NIMBLE

(Jack be Nimble)

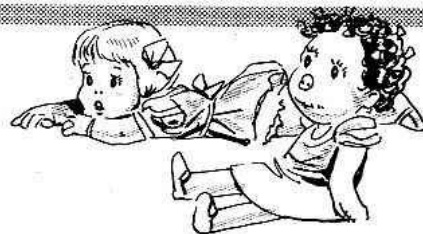
TEDDY BE NIMBLE
Teddy be quick
Teddy jump over
Chappaquiddick!



JERRY BROWN

(Paddycake, Paddycake)

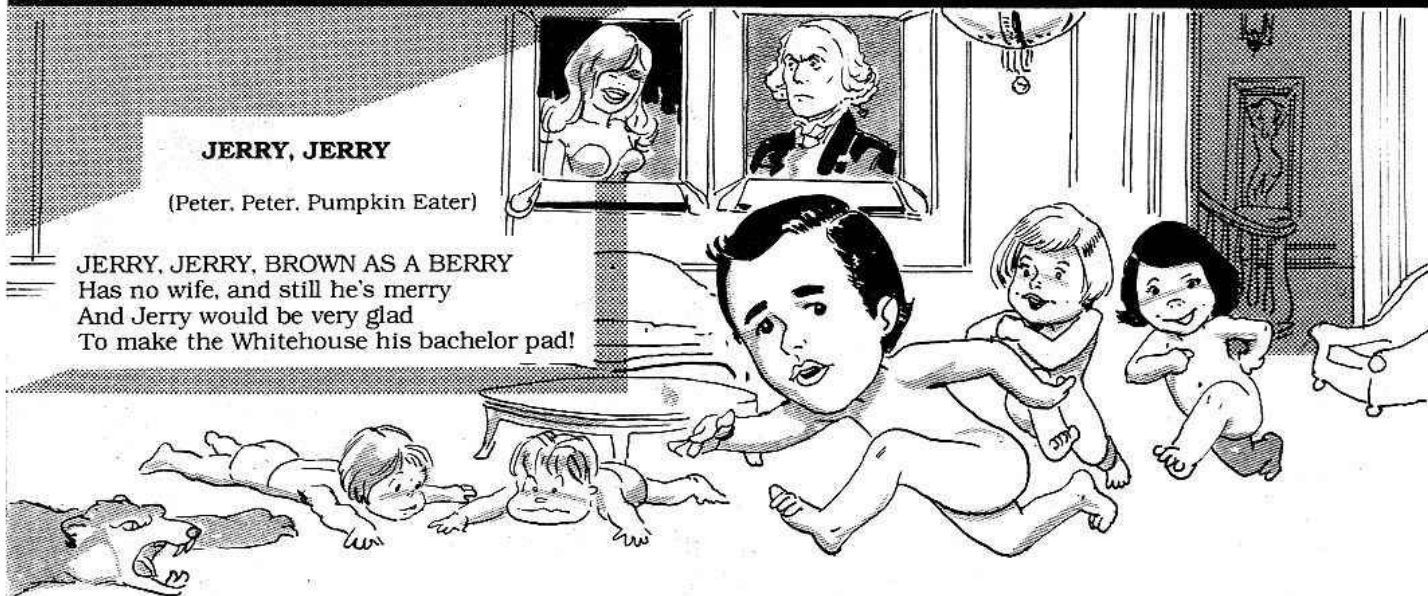
JERRY BROWN, JERRY BROWN, THIRD PLACE
MAN
Make up some votes as fast as you can!
Anti-Nukers, disco-junkers, Zen Buddhist voters,
Health-food freakers, cosmic seekers and
hot-tub floaters!



JERRY, JERRY

(Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater)

JERRY, JERRY, BROWN AS A BERRY
Has no wife, and still he's merry
And Jerry would be very glad
To make the Whitehouse his bachelor pad!



THIS LITTLE POLY

(This Little Piggy)



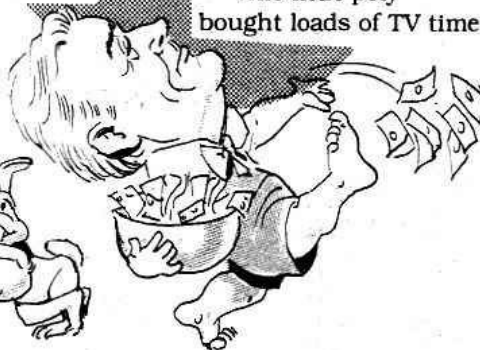
This little poly
went to campaign



And this little
poly had none



This little
poly stayed home



This little poly
bought loads of TV time



But this little poly had C.I.A. agents
Stuffing ballot boxes all the way home!

HUMPTY FORDY (Humpty Dumpty)

HUMPTY FORDY SAT ON A WALL
Humpty Fordy had a great fall
But nobody laughed at Jerry's disgrace
'cause he gave falling lessons to
Chevy Chase!



SIMPLE GERALD

(Simple Simon)

SIMPLE GERALD MET A HERALD
Broadcasting to people
Said Simple Gerald to the Herald
"Shout FORD from every steeple!"

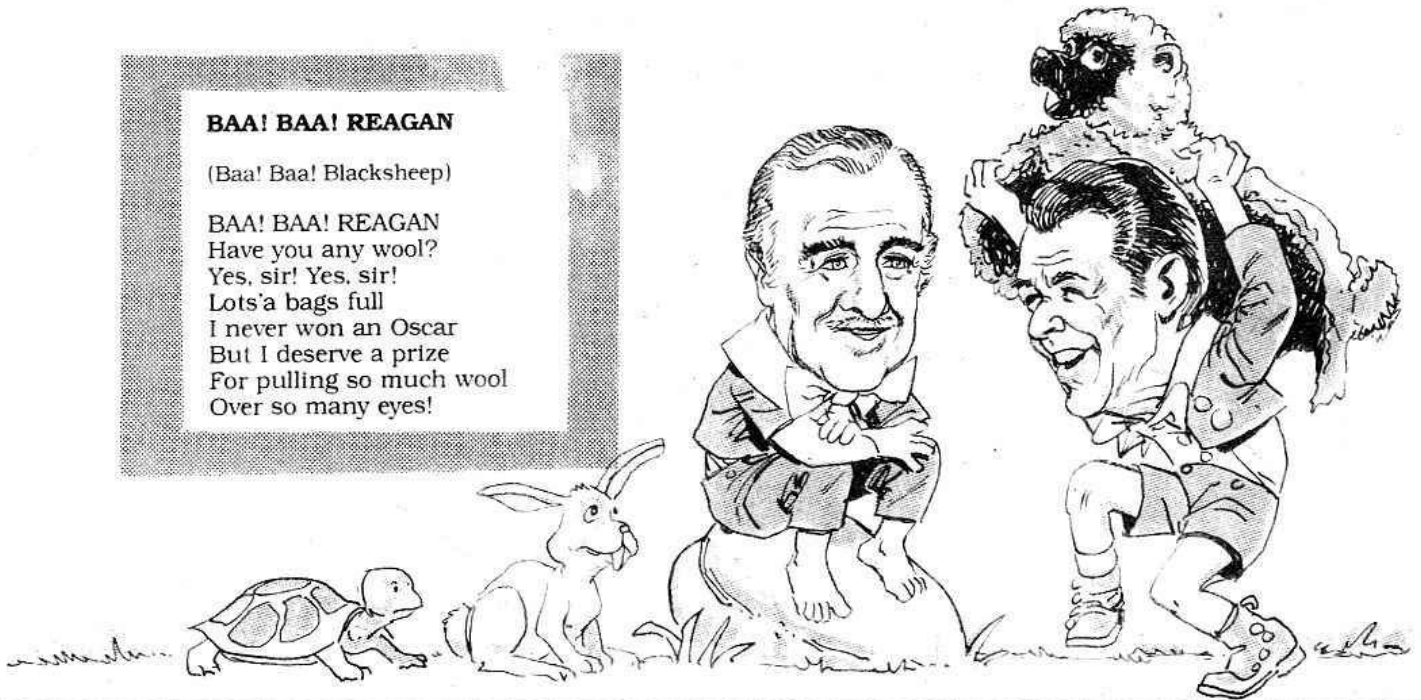
Said CRONKITE herald to Simple Gerald
"Show me what's in your head!"
Said Simple Gerald to CRONKITE Herald,
"Never mind, I'll send *mailgrams* instead!"



BAA! BAA! REAGAN

(Baa! Baa! Blacksheep)

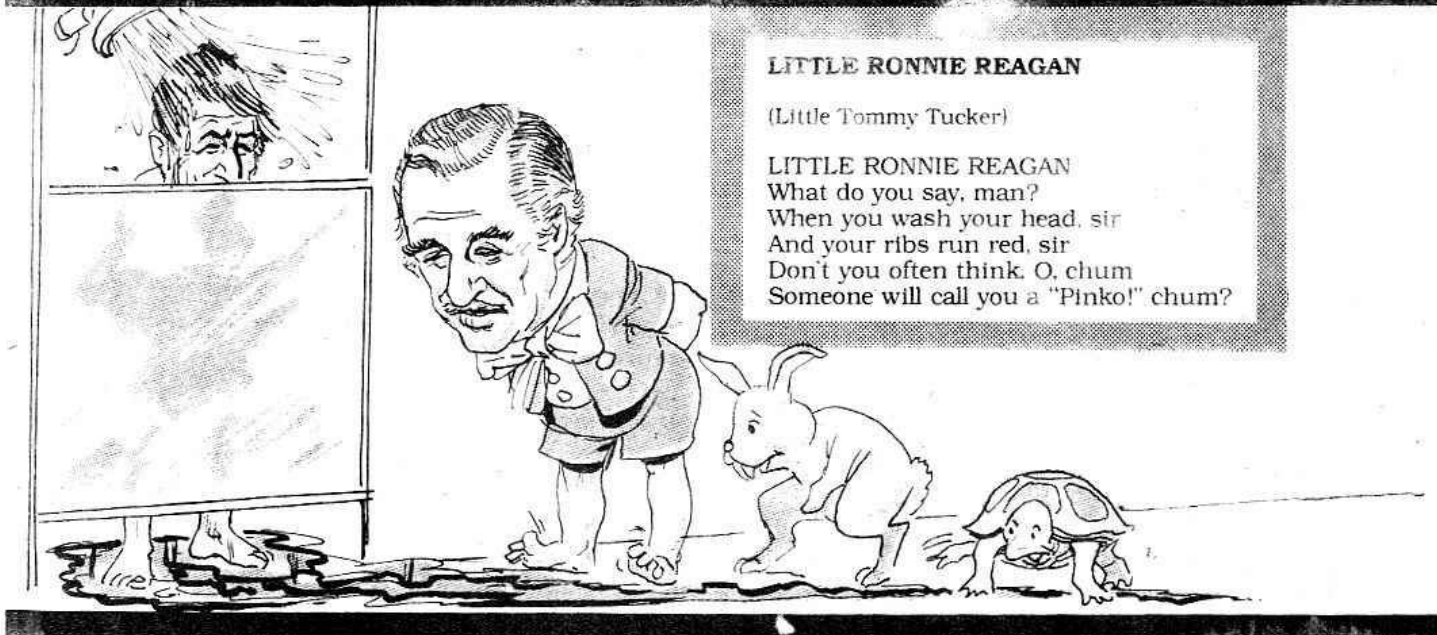
BAA! BAA! REAGAN
Have you any wool?
Yes, sir! Yes, sir!
Lots'a bags full
I never won an Oscar
But I deserve a prize
For pulling so much wool
Over so many eyes!



LITTLE RONNIE REAGAN

(Little Tommy Tucker)

LITTLE RONNIE REAGAN
What do you say, man?
When you wash your head, sir
And your ribs run red, sir
Don't you often think, O, chum
Someone will call you a "Pinko!" chum?



PLASTICKERY-TRICKERY DOC

(Hickery Dickery Dock)

A PLASTICKERY-TRICKERY DOC
Turned back Ron Reagan's clock
Now he looks young
Except for his tongue
That's the same old slippery stock!



THREE REPUBS IN A TUB

(Rub-a-Dub-Dub, Three Men in a Tub)

RUB-A-DUB, DUB, THREE REPUBS IN A TUB

And who do you think they be?

Middle-Road Baker, C.I.A. Bush, and "Texas Tom" Connally

"Let's skadiddle straight down the middle

"Fiddle-dee-dee!
You four-eyed toad, there's no middle road
When you're out on the campaign sea!"

"Raisin' prices will solve the fuel crisis!"



"Get your gas outta here!
From Iran to Mexico, you're a close friend of Texaco,
Getty, Hess and each oily Emir!"

"I'm very hush-hush!
I was trained to make secret war!
So if you elect me, no one will detect me
Till Nineteen-Eighty-Four!"

(Orwell that ends well!)



HOWARD BAKER

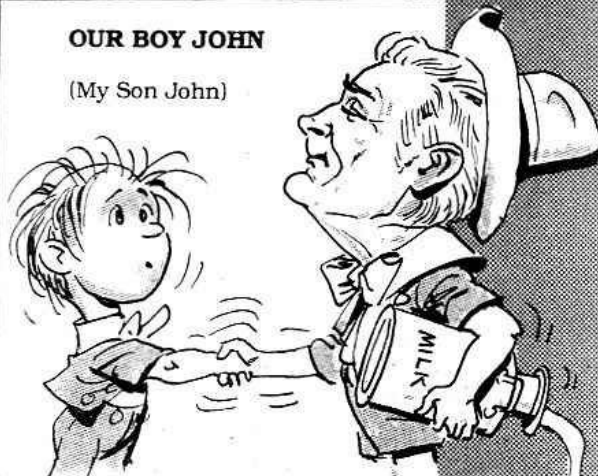
(Ol' Dan Tucker)

GET OUTTA THE WAY FOR HOWARD BAKER
He's a mild-mannered mover and shaker
A family man and a decent fellow
And just about as thrilling as a pile of warm jello!



OUR BOY JOHN

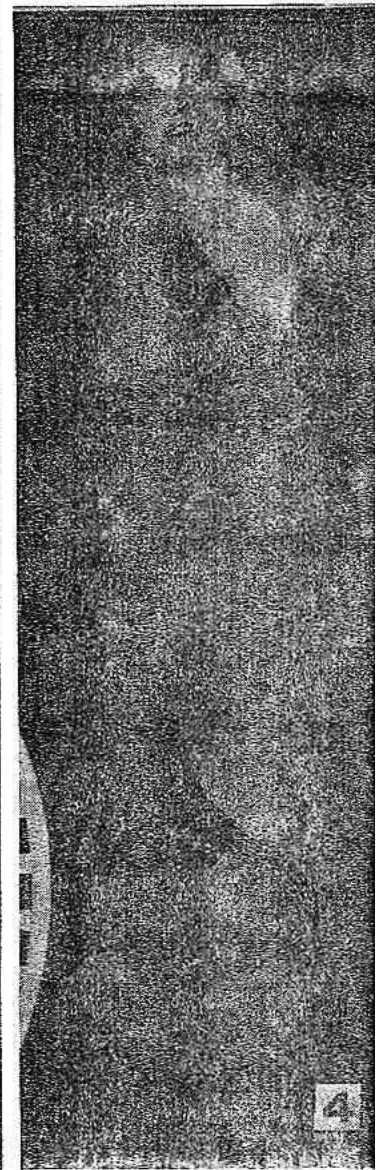
(My Son John)



Diddle, diddle dumping
Our boy John
Came to the voters with his milk scandal on
Twelve jurors freed him despite the fuss
Now John must merely convince the rest of us

THE END

PIN OL' DAD DOWN!

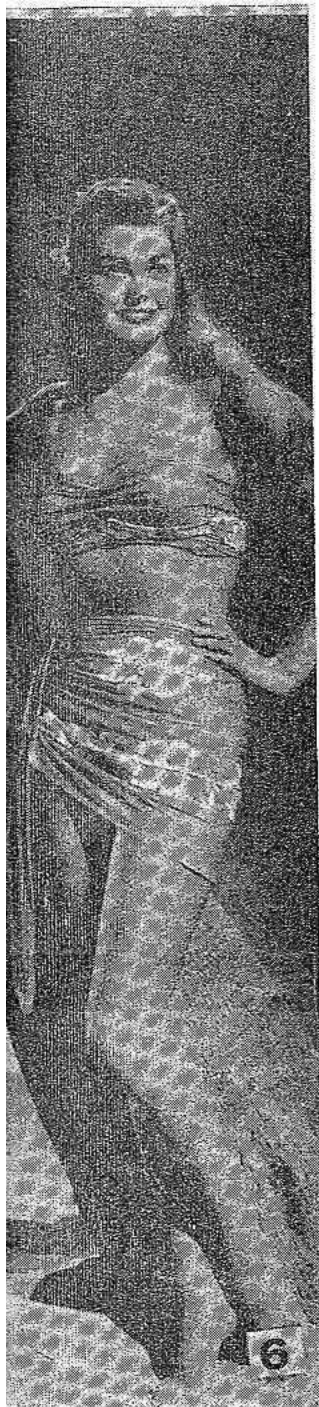


CHECK OL' DAD'S SCORE.
Give him 10 points apiece.

- 100% Is worth a bribe not to tell mom. ↗
- If he gets above 80% he had a missspent youth. ↗
- 70% or below, and he'll bribe you for silence. ↗

Check answers bottom page 51

ON THE OL' PIN-UPS!



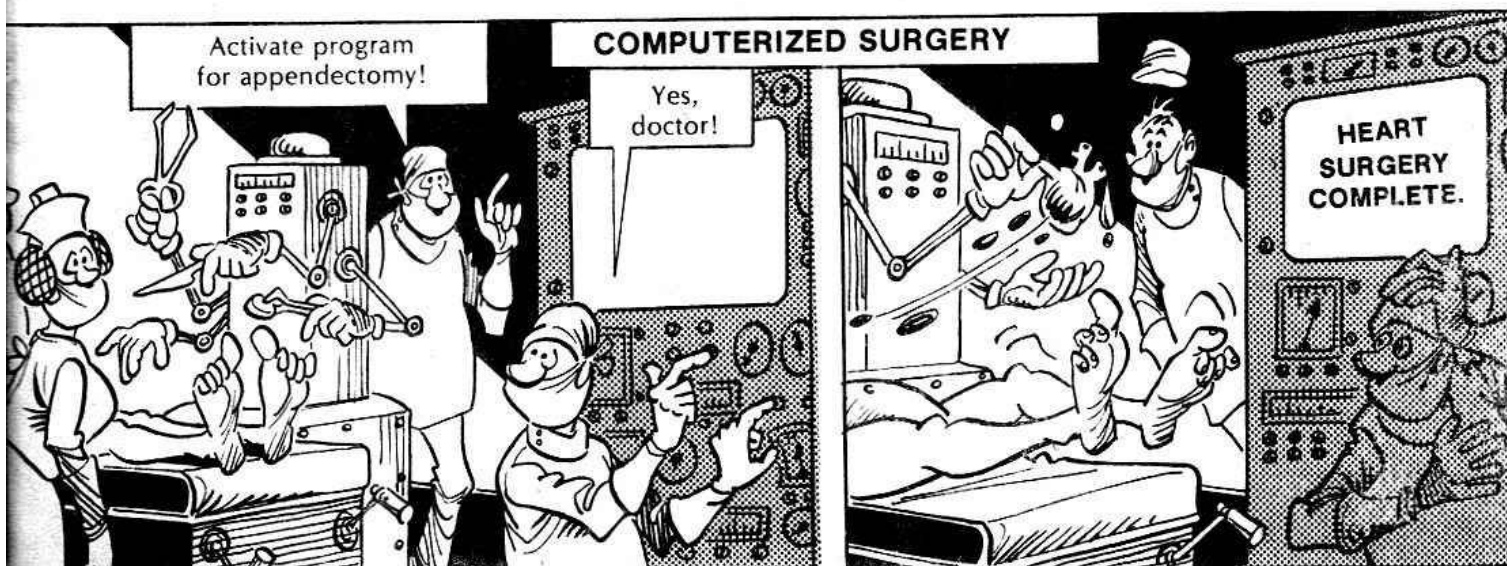
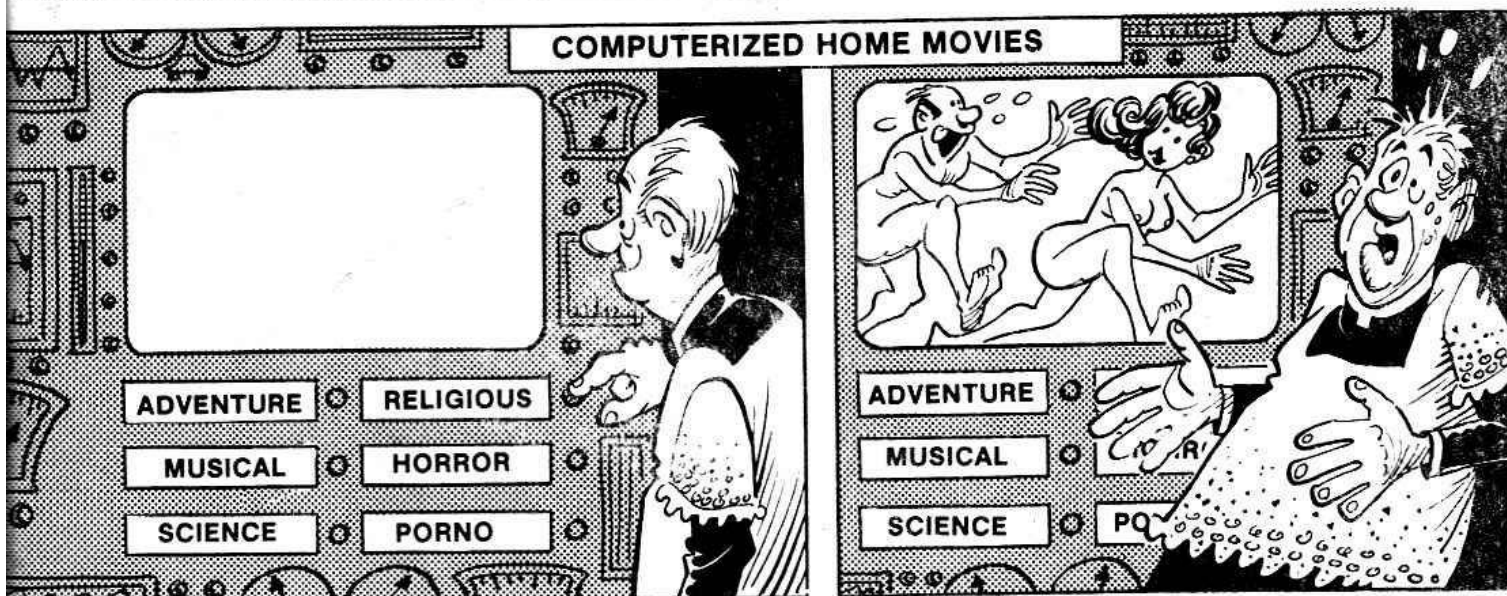
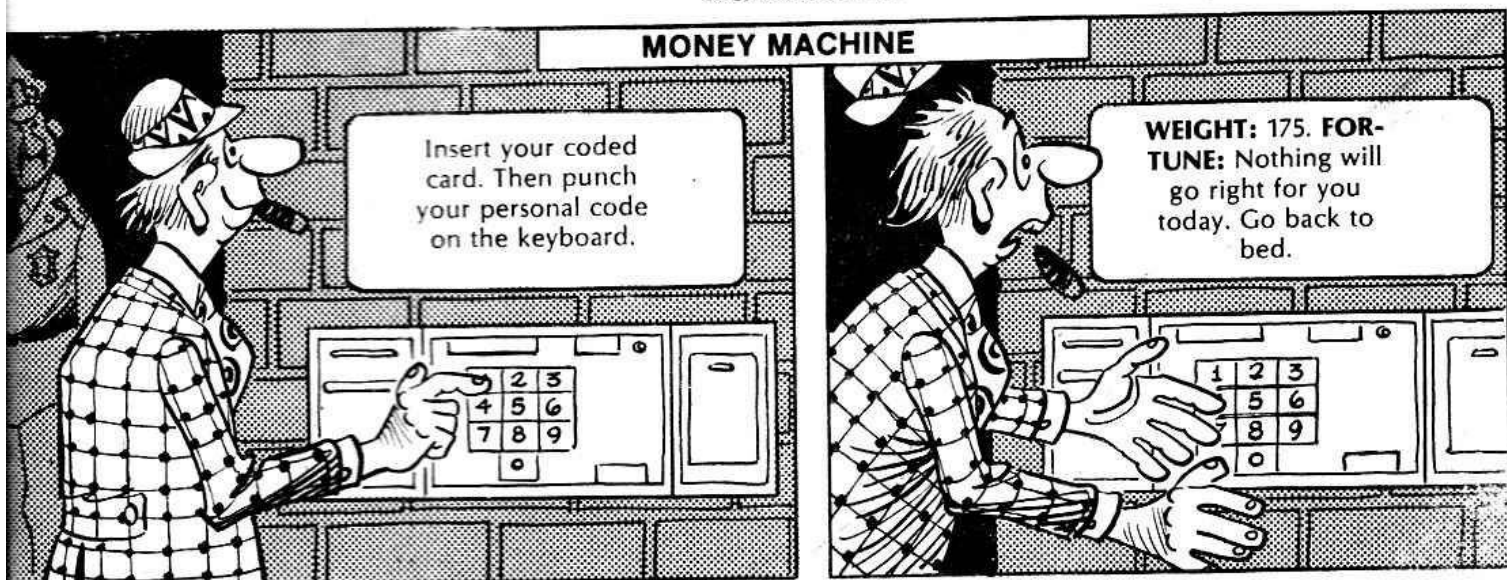
Historians like to label human progress in terms of "ages." In ancient times, there was a Stone Age and later a Bronze Age. More recently, the world's gone through an Industrial Age and Atomic Age. But can any current "age" hope to compete with the...

COMPUTER RAGE



WHEN COMPUTERS GO HAYWIRE

Nowadays, it seems, there's a computer for every task, making life easier for all of us. But, even the mightiest of machines can spring a wire or blow a transistor...



YOUR FORTUNE BY COMPUTER

Palm readers ... astrologers ... numerologists ... they're fast becoming vanishing breeds! After all, how can human fortune tellers hope to compete with computers?

TEA LEAVES

After drinking your tea, pour the tea leaves onto the computer sensitizer.

KENNEDY-ONASIS, JACKIE. You hate fancy clothes. You hate traveling and gourmet restaurants. Most of all, you hate money.

ASTROLOGY

On keyboard, punch alphabetical number corresponding to each letter of your name.

NIXON, RICHARD. You are honest to a fault. When wrong, you are quick to admit it. Your associates know they can always depend on your loyal support.

TAROT CARDS

Deal your cards and insert into scanner slots.

MARTIN, BILLY. You are patient and tolerant. You'll do anything do avoid a fight. You are a tee-totaler.

NUMEROLOGY

On keyboard, indicate your date and hour of birth.

ALLEN, WOODY. You are a bully, always looking for a fight. Women regard you as a sex symbol. You have no sense of humor.

PHRENOLOGY

Place skull scanner on your head.

CHER. You are modest and prudish. You avoid publicity. One day you will sing in the Metropolitan Opera.

PALMISTRY

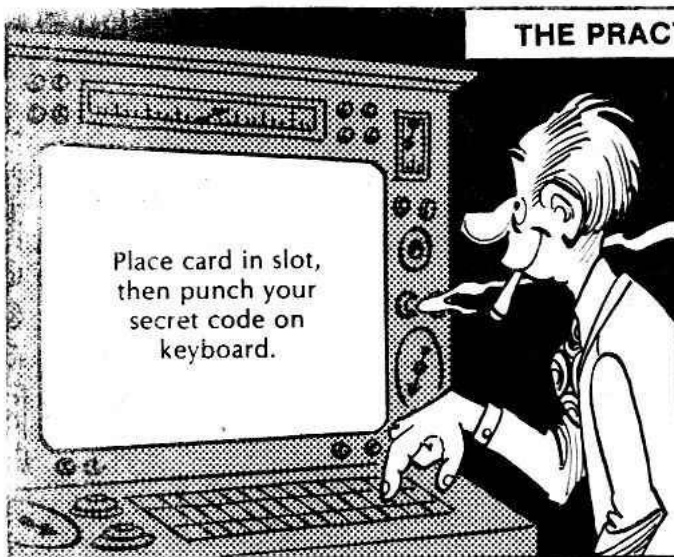
Place your hand on palm-scanner.

CARTER, JAMES EARL. You are a confirmed atheist. You have an allergy to peanuts. You will never make it in politics.

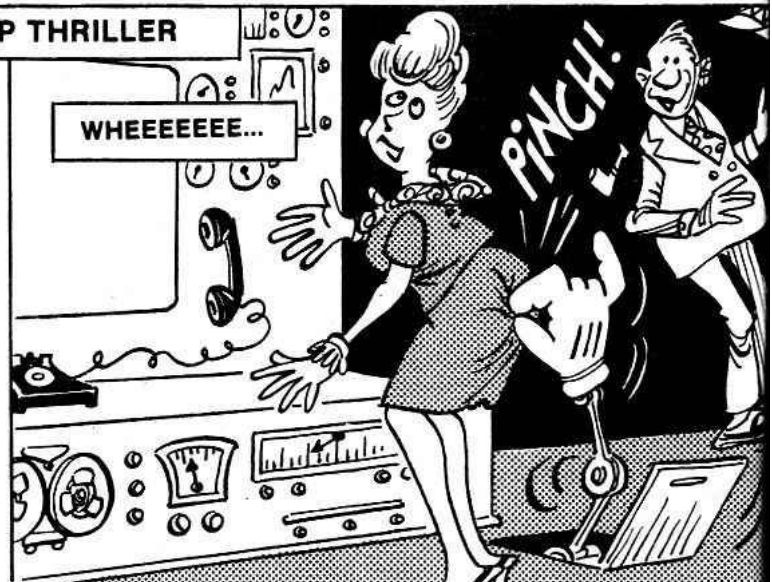
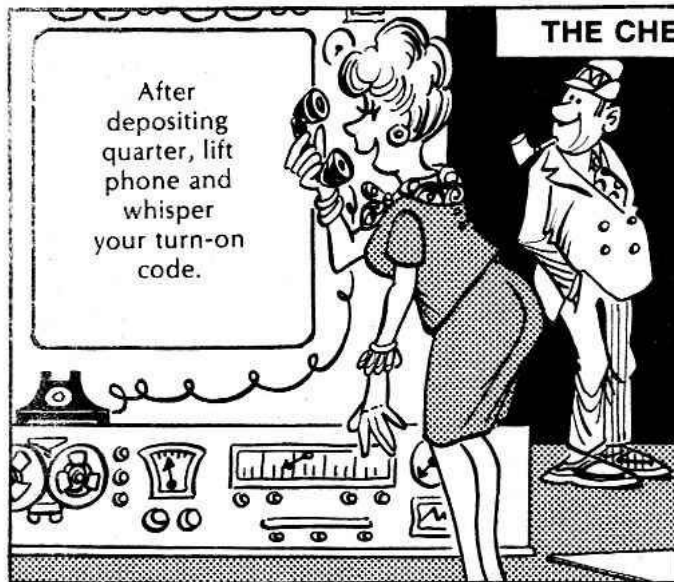
COMPUTERS OF THE FUTURE

Our correspondents report that the following "think-machines" are on the drawing boards...

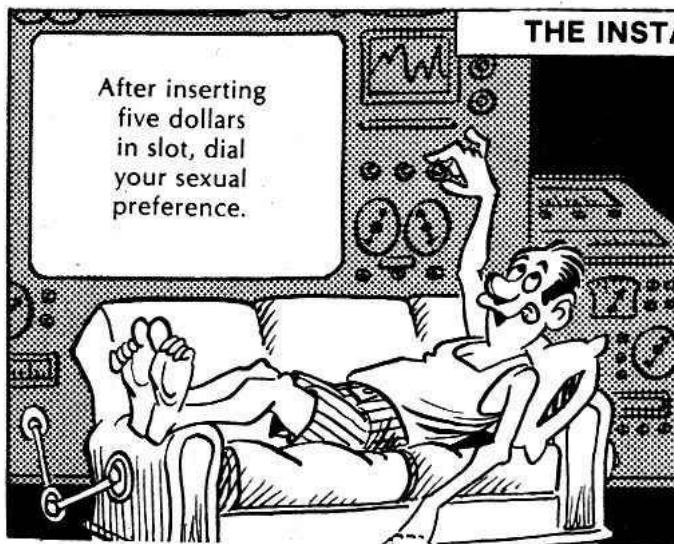
THE PRACTICAL JOKER




THE CHEAP THRILLER



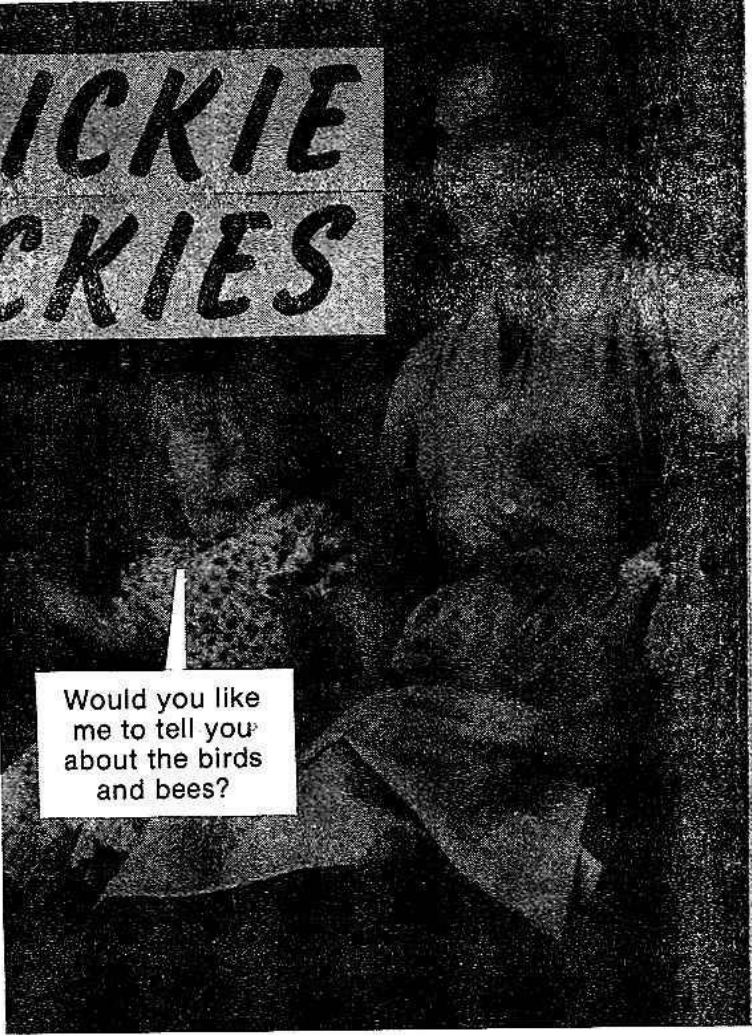
THE INSTANT SEXER




QUICKIE SICKIES



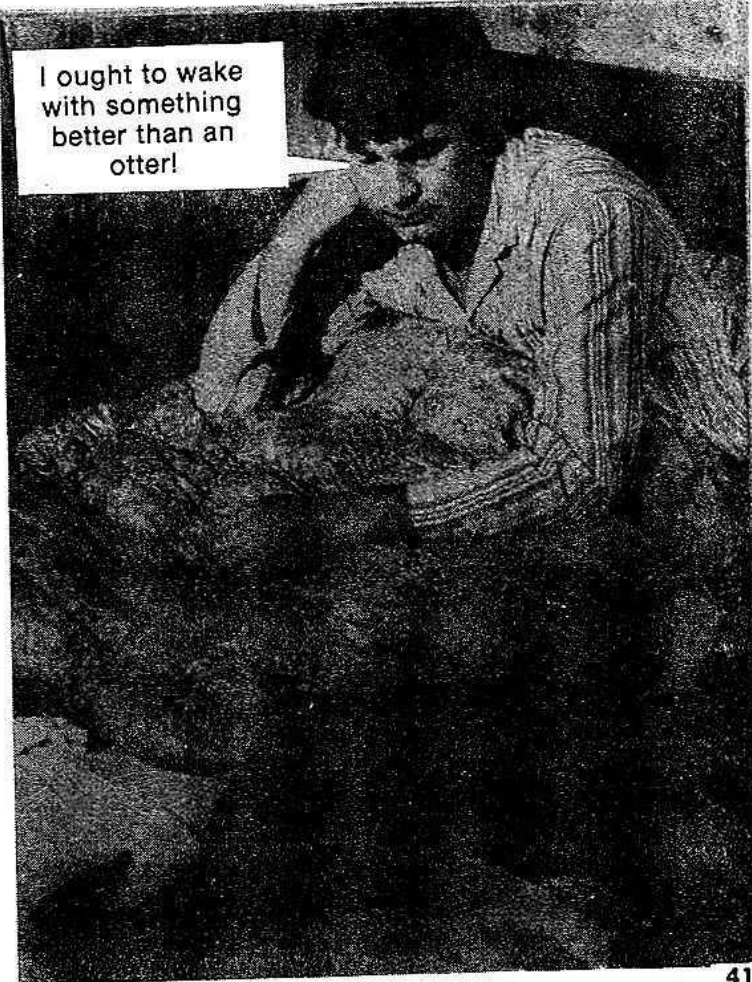
Now you've seen
a first class Ass!



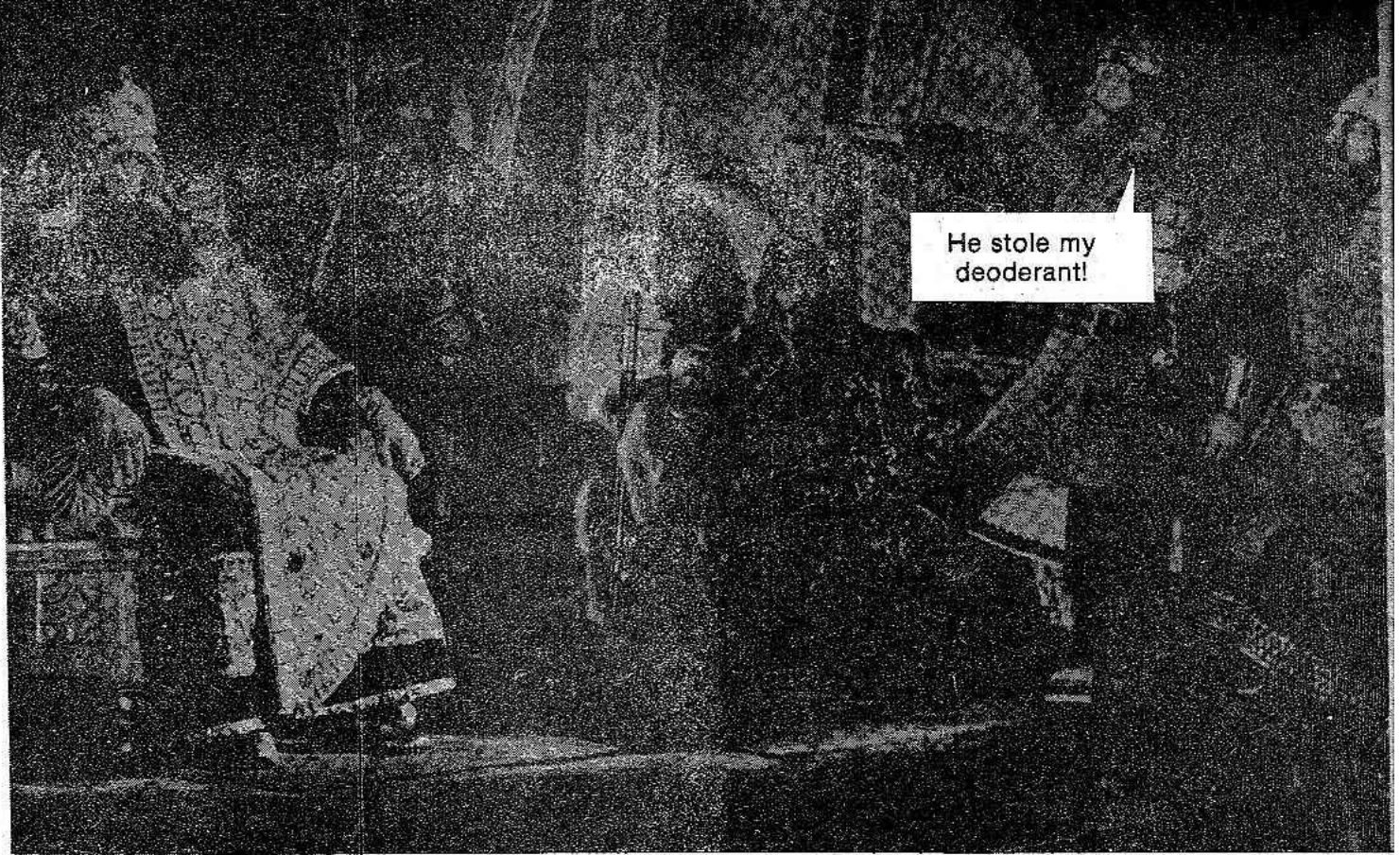
Would you like
me to tell you
about the birds
and bees?



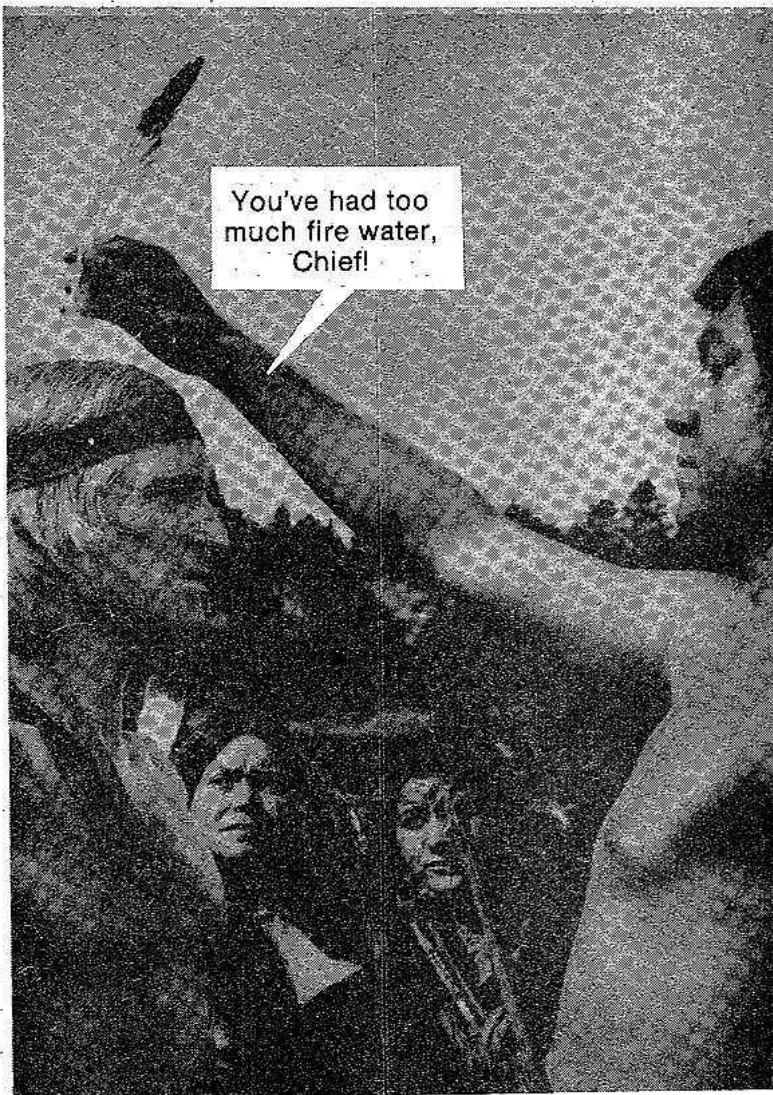
Which one of you
kids ate all the
cookies?



I ought to wake
with something
better than an
otter!



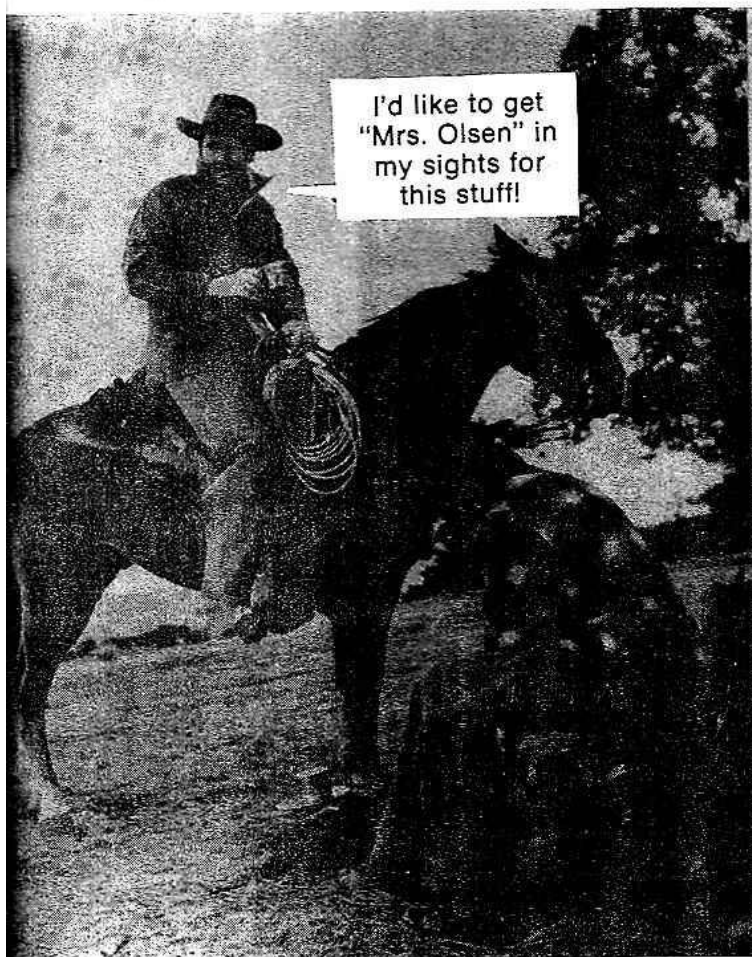
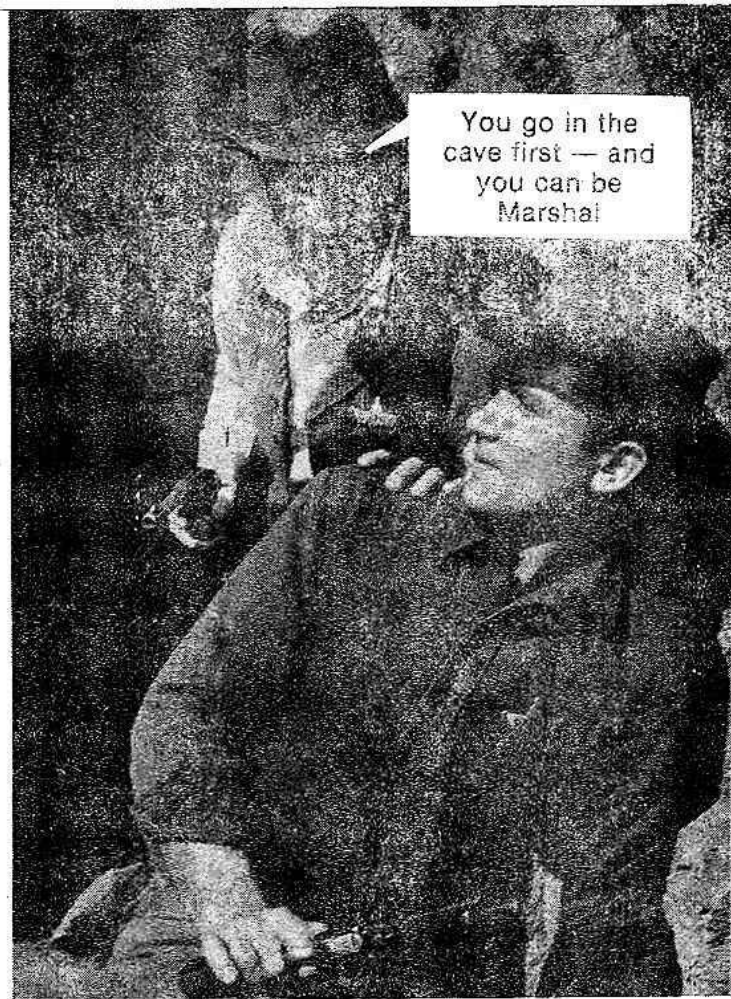
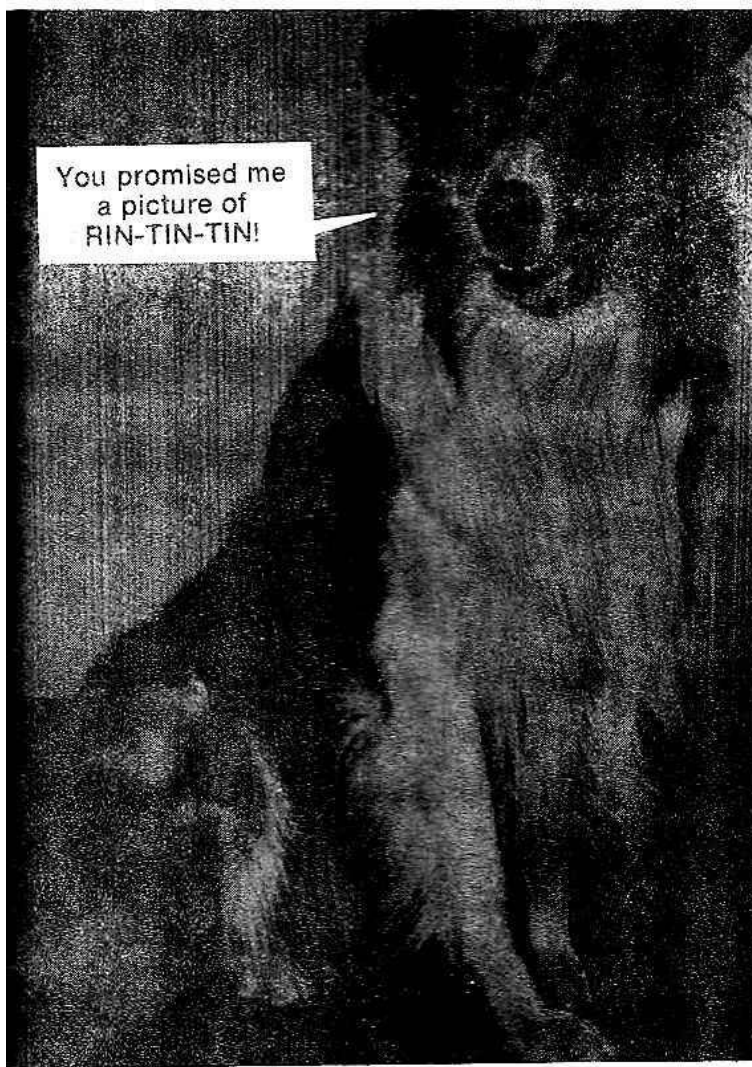
He stole my
deoderant!

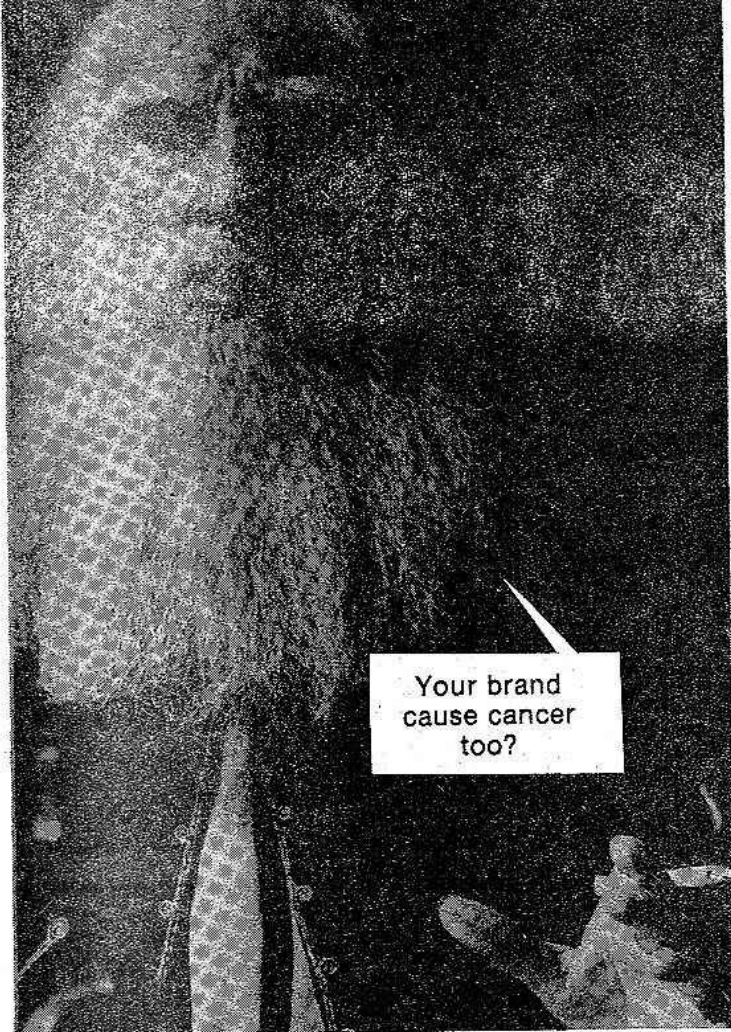


You've had too
much fire water,
Chief!



Yeah! .. well
you made
nasty in
your pants!

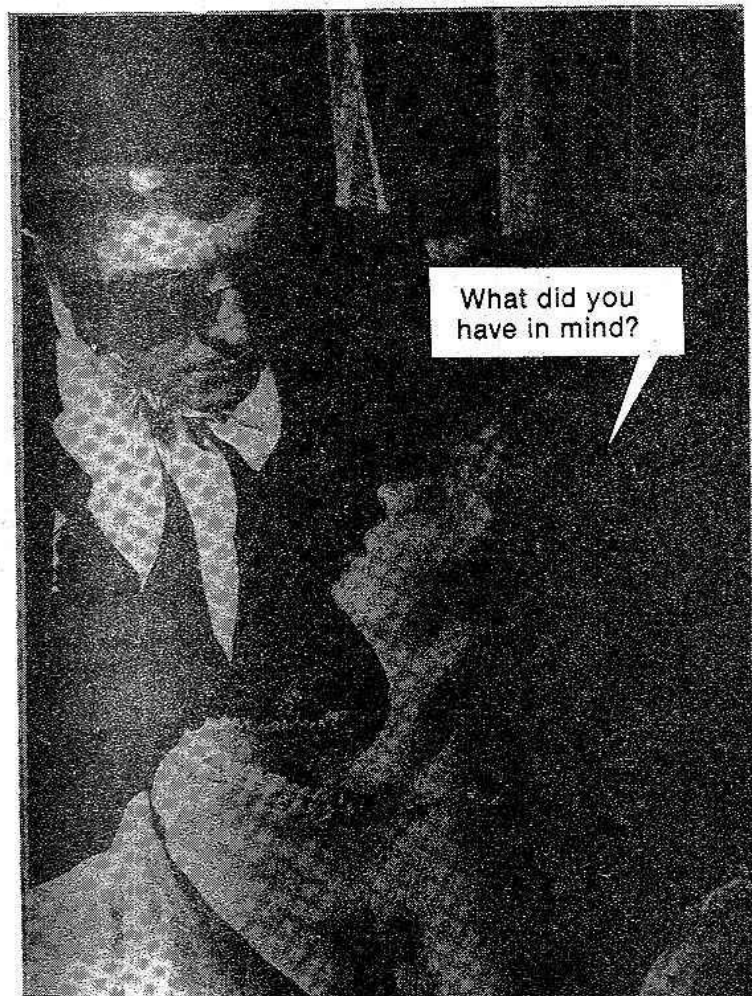




Your brand
cause cancer
too?



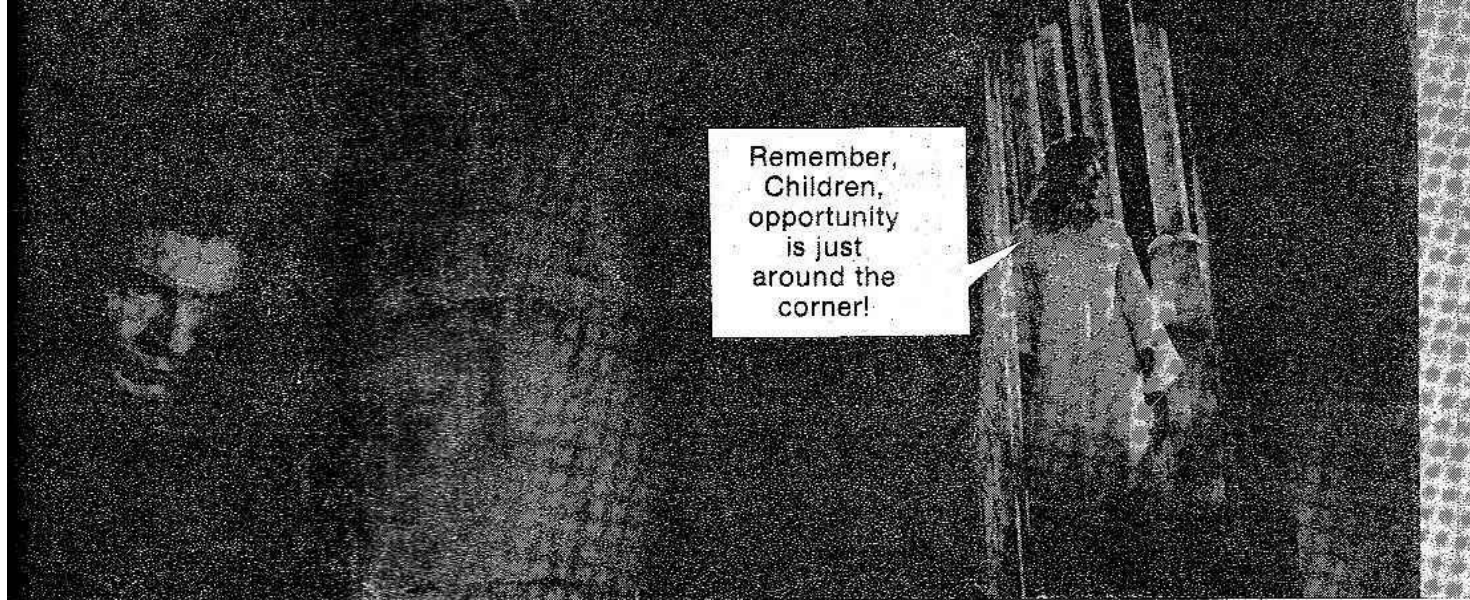
Seven years
of "Star-Trek"
re-runs drove
me bonkers!



What did you
have in mind?



Earrings!
what
EARRINGS?



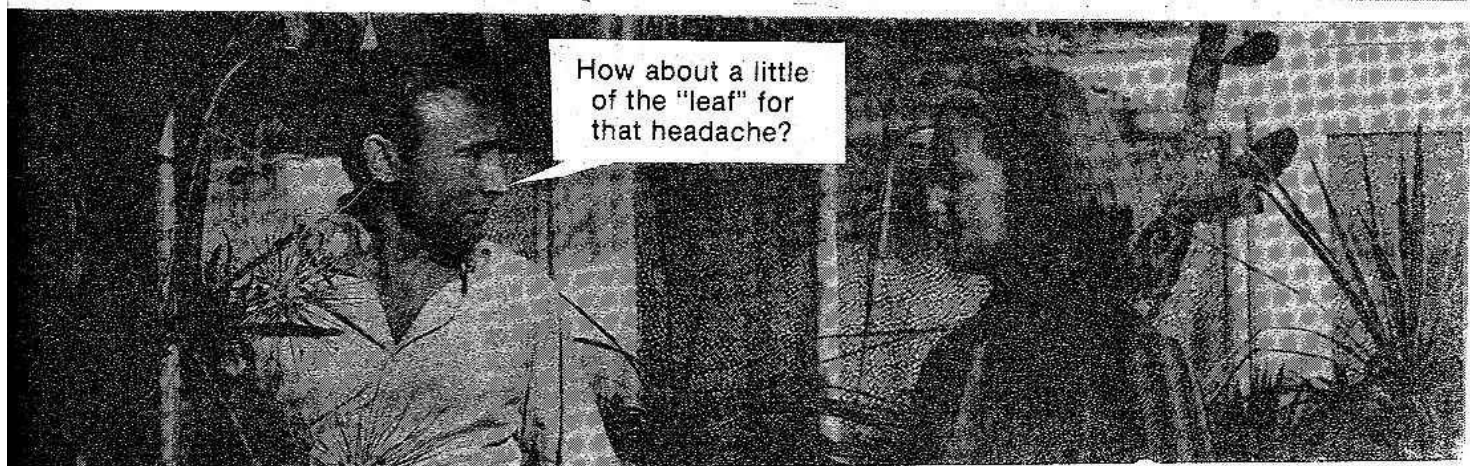
Remember,
Children,
opportunity
is just
around the
corner!



Snap the picture!
— we can't hold his
head up all day!



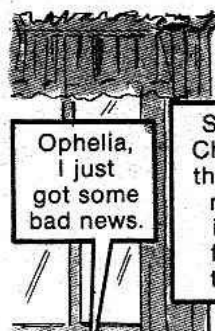
AWW! .. come
skip rope
with me!



How about a little
of the "leaf" for
that headache?

Cher D'Flower

Yes, Bill, ... you've got to run, but please give Ophelia a message ... yes, yes ... Oh! Bill ... she's at the door now ... I'll tell her...



Stuff it, Cher, I'm the news maker in the family today!



Brace yourself, Miss Cher, for Ophelia is moving out ... OUT! ... OUT!



But, Ophe ...

No! You don't talk! Not until I've told you a few thousand things I've been meaning to say!







I tell you, Cher,
I'm free at
last! ... FREE!
FREE!

Your Bill called from
Vegas ... with a
message!



...He said, forget the wedding plans
...He got smashed last night and
married a chorus girl!

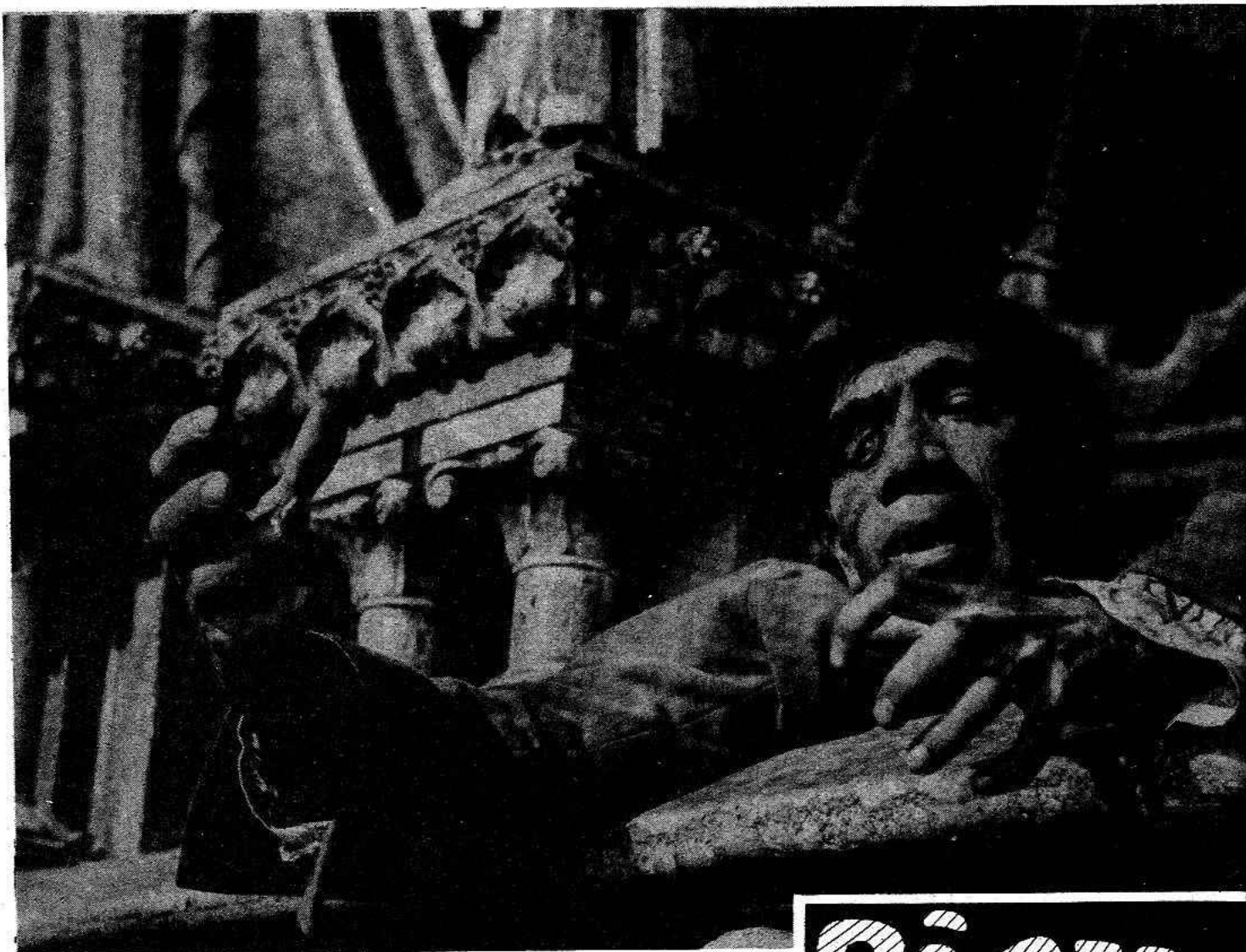




If I were you, I
wouldn't eat my
cooking tonight!

I plan on
BOILING my
tongue!

Be a BELL-RINGER, Too! Get SICK!



SUBSCRIBE TO SICK!

SICK, DEPT. S680
CHARLTON BUILDING, DERBY, CT. 06418

- ☐ \$6.00 for 6 issues (one year) (which includes specials)
- ☐ \$12.00 for 12 issues (one year) (which includes specials)

Canada add 25% - Foreign 50%

☐ New Subscription

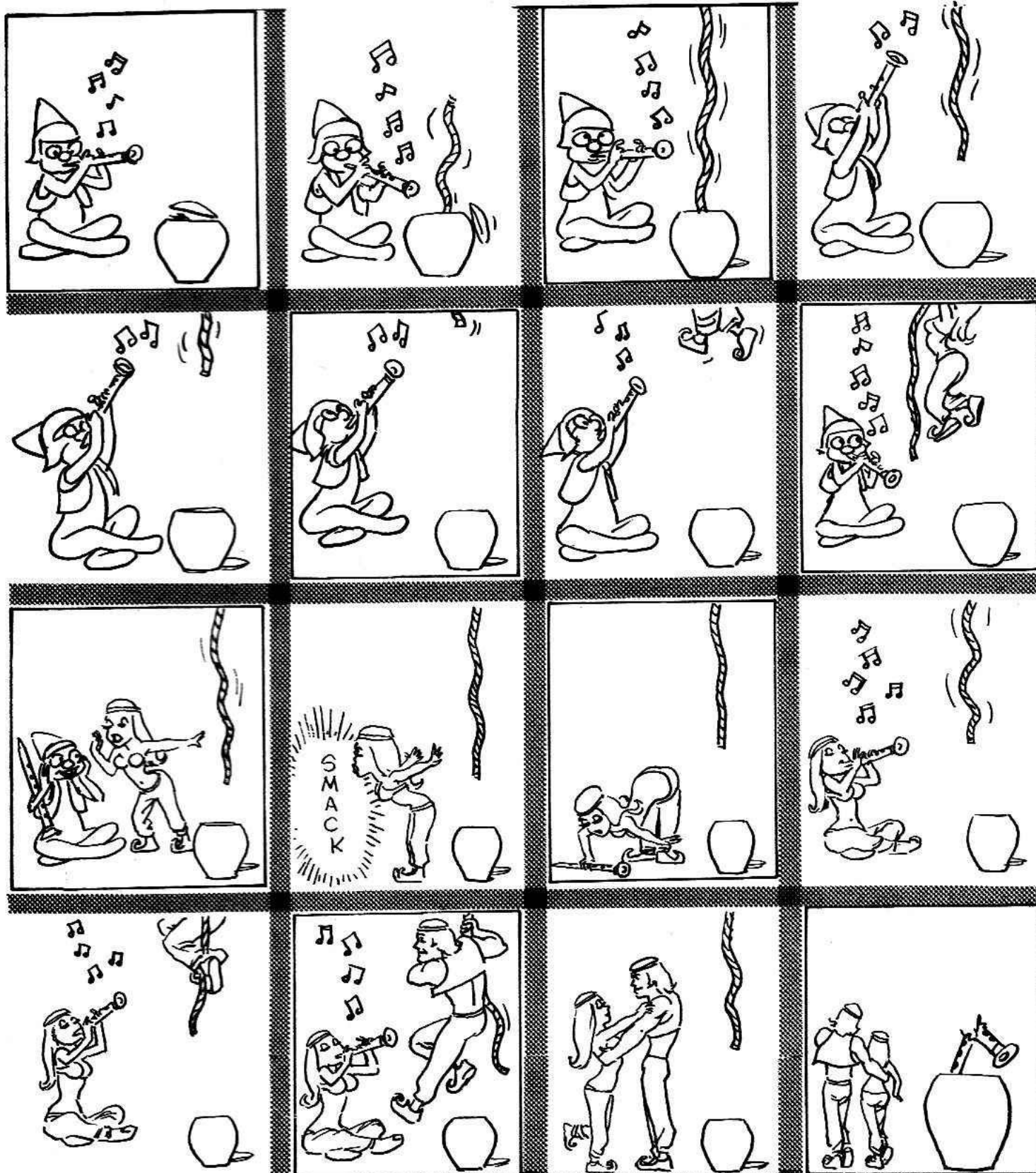
☐ Renewal

Please enter my subscription to SICK!

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State..... Zip.....



Answers to 'Of Dad Pin-Up Quiz' -pages 34-35

- 1 Ann Sheridan 2 Laraine Day 3 Shelley Winters 4 Mae West 5 Alice Faye
6 Esther Williams 7 Hedy Lamarr 8 Ava Gardner 9 Marie Wilson 10 Marilyn Maxwell



JACK SPARLING

